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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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SUMMER SCENES IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—A SAIL ON A SWAN-BOAT.
DRAWN BY J. DURKIN.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
W. J. ARKELL. RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1889.

"THE Horrors of the African Slave Trade" will be the subject of the leading editorial contribution in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER next week. It will be from the pen of that distinguished English philanthropist, Francis William Fox. The atrocities of the traffic in human flesh which Mr. Fox discloses are something that surpass belief. No narrative could be more blood-curdling; nothing could appeal more strongly to the sympathies of the American people, who have wiped from their land the degradation, and curse of human slavery.

WHAT A RABBI THINKS OF JESUS.

THE Romans stood before the gates of Jerusalem. Firmer and firmer the cruel mistress of the world knitted her never-conquered legions into a living wall around the City of Zion. Fierce and long and well sustained was Israel's resistance. But all in vain. Jerusalem, the Holy City, lay in ruins. Smoking embers marked the site where once the Temple of Temples stood. On that fatal day the glory of Israel fell, and Israel ceased as a nation among the nations of the earth.

Rome enacted a carnage within the City of Jerusalem the like of which even her inhuman legions had never seen before. What the famine had left, the sword consumed. What had escaped the sword, fell a prey to the flames. What had defied the ravages of fire, dropped dead beneath the scourge of pestilence. They that outlived all these grim allies of death were sold as slaves, or presented to the different colosseums of the Roman provinces for their gladiatorial combats, or sent to Rome to grace the triumphal march of Titus. Over a million of Jews perished during the siege; nearly a hundred thousand were sold as slaves. Many hundred thousand became fugitives. Forth they went from their native soil to roam the wide world over. Homeless, friendless everywhere; everywhere despised, hunted down, tortured, a shadow of their former greatness.

Had the end come at last? Not yet. Even this fearful catastrophe Israel survives. What no other people had withstood, Israel endured. Carthage, Greece, Parthia, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, Egypt—all lay dead at the feet of Rome; the Jew alone outlives the cruel mistress of the world. Death has no power over the Jew. He is the immortal of history.

How shall we account for this indestructibility of Israel? The old-time explanation, that of miraculous Divine intervention, does not satisfy us in these critical days. We have outgrown the miracles of history. We have learned to trace effects to their natural causes, and to find for causes their natural effects. And so here, when we trace for causes we find them. One of them is the Messianic hope, which has been the all-controlling hope of Israel from the Babylonian captivity down to these days; the other cause was the rise and growth of Christianity. Strange freak of history—a false, unfounded hope on the one side, on the other side an enemy seeking to crush the source from which it sprang; the false and the hostile prove the saviors of Israel.

The Messianic hope first manifested itself shortly before the Babylonish captivity, when the patriotic prophets (Hebrew *N'biim*, orators), alarmed by the dangers that beset disrupted Israel, longed for the coming of a leader of the people, for a savior of the nation, for one who, combining in himself great military prowess and moral rectitude, would restore the lost tribes of Israel, and unite the two kingdoms, and rid the country forever of its enemies, and return in triumph to Jerusalem, and cleanse it from all idolatries and sin, and rededicate it and the people to the service of the one God, and inaugurate the millennium, with Jerusalem for its capital and Israel for its priest-people. Over these passages they pored and brooded. For that savior they longed, and of him they dreamed. Though restored from their captivity, Judea remained tributary to foreign powers, and the enemy continued afflicting her. The sufferings were great, the outlook dark. What of these prophecies? Were they all poetic phantasies, the idealistic dreams of enthusiasts? "Impossible. Sacred Writ is not fancy," they answered; "the savior will come, and may come any day."

To the Scriptures they went to find the exact time and manner of his coming. The Sacred Writ was ransacked, letters were distorted, words were made to perform all sorts of acrobatic feats, verses were made to assume new forms and to accommodate

themselves to the most heterogeneous combinations, and Messianic colorings were given to whole chapters. The poetry of enthusiasts and idealists was metamorphosed into Messianic prophecies, to rhetorical figures of speech literal meanings were given, and dreams were turned into dogmas.

Thus arose, by degrees, a Messianic theology, which professed accurate knowledge of everything that concerned the coming of the Messiah. They knew the when and the how and the where. Their present political degradation and suffering had a meaning to them now. It was sent to serve them as a means of preparation, as an earthly purgatory before their entrance into paradisaic happiness. Nothing was clearer to them than that the prophets had predicted that the redemption must be preceded by afflictions, by war and discord and confusion, by terrible disturbances in nature, by monstrous wrongs. At this stage Elijah would reappear, and prepare the way for the Messiah, purify the people, and get them in readiness for the illustrious scion of the house of David, soon to be born at Bethlehem.

At last the deliverer would come, and finish the work begun by Elijah. He will gird his loins with the sword and enter the fields, and set the battles in array, and rout the enemy, and destroy the ungodly. And he will gather the scattered in Israel from the four corners of the globe, and take the government of Israel into his own hand, and make all the nations of the earth tributary to him. And he will crown Jerusalem with a celestial glory, and all nations will worship at its sanctuary and acknowledge the God of Israel as the one and only God. And all war and discord, every suffering and wrong and sin, will cease on earth, and love and peace and truth will hold dominion over the children of men.

So far we see them keeping fairly within bounds of reason. National reminiscences and pride, and present degradation, and literal and fanciful interpretations of the Sacred Writings, led them to believe in the speedy actualization of a poetic dream of former times. Still, up to this stage it is only a man, a descendant of David, a great warrior and patriot, a deliverer, they looked for. But soon their fancy runs riot. The Messianic dreams of the prophets are recast in heathen molds, and forth comes a Messiah-conception having but little resemblance to the former Jewish belief. We see him the central figure in an angelology. Heaven is opened to our view, and we see him seated on a throne of glory and worshiped by the hosts of heaven. We read of his having been created before earth and sun and stars were made. We read of portents strange which will announce his advent. We hear him spoken of as the suffering Messiah. We are told that to fulfill the conditions required in Isaiah liii. 4-6 he will be despised and humbled and wounded because of the transgressions of the people, and that he will take upon himself the sorrows and the sufferings of the people. And we read of a miracle-working Messiah, and of still other un-Jewish conceptions.

The time was ripe for the coming of the long-expected Messiah. Their own rulers, as well as the Roman procurators, reveled in cruelty. "Oh, for the coming of the Emancipator, of the Savior!" that was the people's unending prayer. As might well be expected, Messiahs soon began to make their appearance. One came from Samaria. He summoned a band of followers to Mount Gerizim to prepare for war against Rome. Pilate's cross soon nipped his Messianic ambitions in the bud. Then came another, an Egyptian Jew, Theudas by name; and after him still others, with similar Messianic ambitions, only to meet with a similar fate.

Then came one from Nazareth, by name Joshua, or Jesus as rendered in the foreign tongue. He labored among the poor as an Essenean. He healed the sick, preached, exhorted them to forsake their evil ways, to concern themselves more with the religion of the heart than with the dead letter and with the meaningless forms. He admonished them not to look for the millennium in this life, but to so live that they may partake of it in the life to come. His exemplary character and the purity of his doctrines gathered a number of faithful and zealous disciples about him, and these, with the aid of a multitude of enthusiastic followers, succeeded in forcing upon him, or in strengthening him in, the belief that he was Israel's long-expected Messiah. Impelled by this unhappy delusion, and by his impetuous followers, he permitted himself to make a treasonable entrance into Jerusalem, which Pilate speedily punished upon the cross.

But, though he shared the delusion and the fate

of the Messiahs that preceded and succeeded him, he was not, like them, doomed to oblivion. Though he failed to fulfill a single Messianic expectation; though not born at Bethlehem; though he neither restored the lost of Israel nor rid Judea of her enemy; though he neither established the belief of all peoples in the common fatherhood of God and in the common brotherhood of man, nor ushered in the reign of universal love and peace and truth; though calamities and sufferings afflicted all people after his coming as much as they did before, he alone succeeded in maintaining, until this day, his position on the pages of history as the Messiah of Israel.

After some years of silence, caused by the fierce but fruitless struggles of Judea against Rome for liberty, his disciples and followers organized themselves into a sect, and began to preach and spread the doctrines of their martyred master. To meet the objections of their brethren, that he whom they proclaimed as the Messiah had failed to satisfy the conditions requisite for a Messiah in Israel, they set themselves to work to supply all deficiencies. The necessary genealogy, miracles, and portents were invented. His biography was rewritten, to meet the requirements of the prophets. Bible verses were mercilessly distorted, misquoted, mistranslated, to satisfy the need of reconciling one delusion with another. Moral sentences and maxims and parables were put into his mouth which were the literary property of older Jewish teachers. Judea, Persia, Chaldea, Greece, Egypt, India, had to contribute their quota to metamorphose the historical Joshua ben Joseph of Nazareth into the mythical Christ, into a savior who never saved Israel, into a deliverer who did not deliver them to their Holy Land, into a restorer who never restored their ancient glory.

And yet he was a savior of Israel. But for him and for the Messianic hope the Jews would not have existed to-day. Had these two factors not played such important parts during this most critical epoch, Israel would never have survived the catastrophe which Rome had inflicted upon it. The more bitterly the enemy persecuted them, the more they tortured and burned, the more convinced were the Jews that he in whose name these atrocities were committed, and who tolerated them, could not have been their expected Messiah, the firmer they clung to their belief that their true deliverer would come. That belief inspired them with hope and courage. That belief enabled them to endure, heroically, ignominy, degradation, loss of human rights, death. Armed with the belief in a coming Messiah, they never surrendered nor despaired.

Israel's attitude toward these Messianic factors is still very largely the same. The orthodox element, which comprises by far the greater portion of Israel, still adheres to the belief in the coming of the Messiah, who will restore the glory of Israel in the Holy Land, and there inaugurate the millennium. Their rejection of the Christian Christ is still as complete as ever it was before. The rationalists in Israel have discarded the belief in the coming of a personal Messiah. They believe in the ultimate dawn of a Messianic age such as the idealistic prophets dreamed of. They believe that

When, from pole to pole and from sea to sea,
Man unto man as a brother will be;
When tyrants will cease and sin no more rage,
This will be Israel's Messianic age.

When, from pole to pole and from sea to sea,
One truth will reign and all creeds will agree;
When God will be loved by child and by sage,
This will be Israel's Messianic age.

While the rationalists in Israel cheerfully concede unto the followers of Jesus credit for their labors in behalf of the highest civilization, yet their rejection of him as the Messiah is as complete as is that of their orthodox brethren. They admire him for the purity of his life and teachings, and for the excellence of his aim. But his divinity they reject. They believe that

Jesus was the human man who lived divinely,
Not the divine man who lived humanly.



THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

IF, as has been said, longevity is the grand prize of human existence, it may be a comfort to know that, generally, the poor win it. "The Art of Prolonging Life" is the subject of an interesting contri-

bution to the *Fortnightly Review* by Robson Roose, who, after careful examination and inquiry, declares that only one-fourth of the population attains the age of seventy, and that only about fifteen in 100,000 become centenarians. Sir George Cornewall Lewis thought that one hundred years must be regarded as the limit of life; Buffon fixed it between ninety and one hundred, and Dr. Roose reaches the conclusion that the natural limit of human life is at most one hundred years.

He notes the interesting fact that after the flood there was a gradual decrease in the duration of life, while at present there is every reason to believe that the average duration of life is greater than it was three or four centuries ago. Dr. Roose finds heredity the most powerful factor in connection with longevity; that women are more likely than men to become old, and that marriage is conducive to long life. He says it would appear that, among the learned professions, the average life of the clergy is beyond that of any similar calling, but it is improbable that this average will be maintained. A decided tendency to longevity characterizes the profession of the law, but the average duration of life among members of the medical profession is decidedly low.

Literary work, says the contributor, tends to produce cheerfulness, and he recommends such work to the aged in preference to idleness or simple amusement like card-playing. Moderation in eating and drinking also tends to longevity. The statistics by Dr. Humphry, quoted by Dr. Roose, show that of 824 individuals of both sexes between the ages of eighty and one hundred, of whom an account was kept, forty-eight per cent. were poor, forty-two comfortable, and only ten per cent. wealthy. Of fifty-two centenarians recorded by Dr. Humphry, twelve were total abstainers, and only three habitual indulgers in alcoholic drink.

Among other causes of longevity Dr. Roose mentions good digestive powers, soundness of sleep, and possibly early rising. Given an individual who has reached seventy years, and who has a sound constitution, derived from healthy ancestry, and freedom from organic disease of important organs, the means best adapted to maintain and prolong life are, briefly, as follows: Occupation of some kind; avoidance of strain in mental or physical exercise; muscular activity, to promote the vigor and quality of the circulation, the functions of the skin, and the aeration of the blood; scrupulous avoidance of sudden and rapid exertion; strict moderation in diet, including the sparing use of well-cooked animal food not oftener than twice a day; and sound, refreshing sleep, and careful attention to the cleansing of the skin.

Dr. Roose commends the suggestion of Dr. Parks, that rice be used as a partial substitute for meat when the latter is found to disagree with old persons. He advises that food should be divided between three or four meals at fairly regular intervals, and that the principal meal be taken between 1 and 2 P.M. He recommends walking in the open air daily, except in unfavorable weather; also riding, if the exercise is not too violent; and he specially recommends light garden or agricultural work, which calls into play the muscles of the abdomen and back, which in old men are little used. Bicycling tends to too violent exercise.

All of the recommendations made in this interesting paper are on the safe side, but it occurs to us that the way to obtain long life is to practice in youth, or at least in middle age, the habit of moderation in all things. Peace of mind, tranquillity, and contentment are indispensable, as is attested by the fact that the shiftless, unencumbered creatures who drift into work-houses and homes for the aged furnish a good percentage of the marked instances of longevity.

GAMBLING AT LONG BRANCH.

IF there is any reason why the authorities of New Jersey should allow the gamblers at Long Branch to carry on their business in flagrant defiance of law and decency, we should like to know what it is. Is it that grand juries are debauched, and courts corrupted, and prosecuting officers purchased by the men who profit by this swindling business? We cannot, of course, positively affirm that this is the fact, but it is quite well known that the gambling fraternity at the Branch exercise a potent influence on the politics of the county; that they dictate legislative and other nominations, and it is quite possible that certain notorious failures of justice, in cases in which they have been brought to book, are attributable to the use of the same solid arguments which have given them political power. It is high time that the authority of the law should be honestly invoked for the suppression of this growing evil, and if the Monmouth County officials refuse to do their duty in the premises, then the

summer residents should take up the matter, and while securing the punishment of the gamblers, procure also the indictment of all officials who are found faithless to their sworn obligations. Even a New Jersey grand jury would probably dare to indict the big gamblers if it was apparent that they would be backed by influential men in the performance of their duty.

ADVICE TO YOUNG JOURNALISTS.

FROM a journalistic standpoint, the best advice that we have read, to college graduates who hunger after newspaper employment, is that given by Mr. Amos Parker Wilder, in a lecture recently delivered to Yale University students. Mr. Wilder is the editor of the New Haven *Palladium*, and a college graduate. He knows by experience what it is to be a reporter, news editor, editorial writer, and editor-in-chief of a newspaper. He says, frankly, that journalism cannot yet be called, financially speaking, "an exact science"; that while a medical, law, or divinity student who devotes himself to his profession is assured of promotion, the journalist has no assurance whatever that he will not lose his place with every change of proprietor or manager. The reason for this, Mr. Wilder says, lies in the fact that there is but one road to the prizes in law, in medicine, or the church, while each of these and other professions furnishes, readily, able writers for the press.

To insure success in the newspaper field, Mr. Wilder further advises that a neophyte should make his training complete by studying the mechanical, business, and editorial cares of a newspaper, with a view to becoming its editor and proprietor, and he suggests that this education can best be obtained in the country daily or weekly. The ablest editors in this country at the present, and during all the past, have been in nearly every instance those whose early training was in the country newspaper-office. Men gifted, above everything else, with the genius of common sense—and this is real genius—alone succeed in creating, managing, and maintaining the successful newspaper. Literary genius never has done this. Able writers on special topics can always be had at their price. Financial genius has never accomplished it; for book-keepers and business men can also be employed at any time.

In this day, when the newspaper meets as close competition as any other business, ideas—new ideas—are necessary: first, to attract public attention; second, to hold it. They must be ideas which will interest the public, either by their novelty, their attractiveness, or their inherent value to the reader. Every successful newspaper of to-day—we might add, every successful periodical, including the illustrated papers and magazines—depends upon ideas for success. The newspaper that succeeded a quarter or even half a century ago, because it printed what was going on just as it happened, would be a failure to-day. The newspaper now chronicles, not only what has happened and is happening, but what ought to happen in behalf of public interest. It does not follow, it leads; and if it only has the genius of public appreciation to lead it aright, nothing can stand in the way of its ultimate success.

PUNISH THE PRIZE-FIGHTERS.

ALL law-abiding citizens will sympathize with the efforts of Governor Lowry of Mississippi to vindicate the authority of the State as against the prize-fighters who so recently defied it. The arrest of Sullivan by his order was a step in the right direction, and although the pugilist was released by a complaisant judge, subsequent declarations of the Governor justify the belief that he will exhaust all the power at his command to secure the arrest and rendition of the men who have brought contempt upon the laws of the State, as well as the punishment of their aiders and abettors in the State itself. It is especially to be hoped that the railroad officials who contributed to the violation of the law by running trains for the accommodation of the slug-gers, directly in the face of the proclamation of the State authorities, may be brought to trial, and that the severest penalty possible in the case may be imposed upon them. Governor Lowry is of opinion that the offending corporation has by its course forfeited its charter, and if that is the fact, the forfeit should be paid. It is time that, in this country, corporations and individuals alike should be made to understand that laws enacted to the public safety and the public morals must be and will be enforced.

We cannot refrain, in this connection, from expressing our regret that so many of our newspapers have felt justified in giving, daily, copious accounts of the movements of the pugilists after their encounter in Mississippi. It is no doubt true that a numerous body of readers found delight in the perusal of these accounts, but that fact, as indicating a vicious public taste, only increases the uneasiness and regret with which the whole situation must be regarded by right-thinking people. The spectacle of two bruised and battered ruffians dodging about the country, to escape the officers of the law, was in itself sufficiently demoralizing, without the addition, in print, of the story of their debaucheries and their low brutalities; and the two together, as illustrative of prevailing popular tendencies, certainly afford little ground for confidence as to the future dominance of the better forces in our life as a people.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THERE are some people down in Georgia who evidently need to be reminded that this is the nineteenth century, and that, in this country, all men, of whatever color, are entitled to equal rights before the laws. A dispatch from Atlanta informs us that in that city the blue-blooded folk are terribly excited over the fact that a respectable colored man has purchased a house on a first-class residence street, with the intention of occupying it. So great, indeed, is the indignation that a public meeting is proposed, to protest against the outrage; and it is added that "it is possible the colored man will be forcibly prevented from moving into his new house." We do not know, of course, whether this extraordinary statement is true; but if it is, it betrays a state of things in the chief city of Georgia which is in the last degree disgraceful. Some forms of race prejudice may possibly be puliated, but there can be no excuse for such an exhibition of it as

is here disclosed. The notion that a man cannot live in his own house because his skin may be blacker than that of some of his neighbors, or that any one bit of territory anywhere shall be sacred against the intrusion of any respectable, law-abiding citizen, may have been suited to the latitude of the "Black Belt" in antebellum days, but it cannot be tolerated in this era of enlightenment and fair-play, where one man is as good as another as long as he behaves himself.

Those who have feared that Assistant Secretary Bussey, in passing on pension-claims, was giving too little consideration to the maintenance of a surplus in the Treasury, and too much to the demands of claimants, will observe that he has rendered a large number of adverse decisions on pension-claims, and that all of his decisions, favorable or unfavorable to the claimants, seem to be based not only on law and justice, but also on equity. So much of sentiment surrounds every pension-claim that the task of General Bussey is not a light one, but he seems to be able to do it with justice to the people and to the pensioners.

WE may expect, after the publicity given to all the sickening details in the Sullivan-Kilrain prize-fight, a batch of challenges from other fighters, and, worse than all this, a batch of brutal crimes committed by those, young and old, whose passions have been inflamed by reading the disgusting story of the bloody encounter in Mississippi. Is it not amazing that the hand of the law, strengthened as it is by an almost unanimous public opinion, cannot reach out, not only to punish the fighters and their abettors and backers, but also to prevent the transmission and publication of the sickening record of "seventy-two rounds."

COMMON sense distinguishes the administration of Secretary Rusk in organizing the Department of Agriculture, at Washington. He has established a new division which will be devoted to the editing of the department reports and bulletins. A résumé of all scientific departments will be prepared by a practical newspaper man—Mr. George William Hill, of Minnesota—for distribution to the press. This is a sensible movement, and should be imitated by other Cabinet officials. Much literature issued by the departments is of great value to the reading public, but is lost to them by reason of its bulk, its scientific phraseology, and the lack of time on the part of the busy editors of newspapers to read and digest it all.

THE State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania, in a recent address to the State Teachers' Association, made a vigorous plea for an increase in the salaries of teachers, alleging that the compensation now paid is in many cases altogether inadequate. This statement will apply, we suspect, to other States besides Pennsylvania, and the failure of their public schools to measure up to the highest standard of usefulness is, for the most part, undoubtedly attributable to this fact. Salaries should in all cases be sufficient to command the services of the best grade of teachers, who, from their breadth of culture, are qualified to become models in their thoroughness of scholarship and skill in teaching. That system of education which has cheapness as its principal merit has practically no merit at all, and in the end is the very costliest form of instruction.

A GOOD example of hasty legislation is found in the Alien Labor Contract Law, which was passed by Congress at the demand of a number of demagogues, backed by some labor organizations, and which was intended to keep all foreign contract laborers out of the United States. While the law may have some good points about it, it certainly could never have been intended to be operative in excluding from our shores clergymen and college professors. Under the operations of the law, a New York church has been fined \$1,000 for importing a clergyman, and it is doubtful if the professors engaged for the new Catholic university will be permitted to land, as their importation seems to be in violation of the law. It is simply shameful that the threats of a few loud-mouthed demagogues, claiming to be backed by the labor vote, could lead members of Congress to vote for a bill that outrages both decency and common sense.

If recent reports as to the condition of the European wheat crop are correct, we are likely to have a good market for any surplus we may have to offer. It is true that England, France, and Spain promise harvests considerably better than last year, but the crop in many large districts of Russia is a complete failure. In India and Australia the wheat yield is alarmingly deficient, while in Austro-Hungary, Roumania, and Eastern Germany wheat, rye, and barley have been destroyed by drought and cyclonic storms. The London correspondent of the *New York Times*, after a careful review of the whole situation, says that "there is almost tearful interest in the eastern hemisphere as to what the American crop will be like. The shortage over here will be so great that the market will be more at the mercy of the United States than ever before, and the next report from the Washington bureau is eagerly watched for, as an indication of how severe a squeeze may be expected."

THE Parnell Commission is in danger of losing its reputation for fairness. Recently Mr. Parnell's counsel demanded the production of the books of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, the organization of landlords which was at the bottom of the attack made on Parnell by the London *Times*, and which is believed to have furnished the money to pay for the Pigott forgeries, if it did not suggest them. The commission denied the request for the production of the books, although it unhesitatingly ordered the production of those of the Land League, when it was supposed they would sustain the charges of the *Times*. Very naturally the unfairness of the commissioners has provoked great indignation among the Parnellites, and it is not improbable that the injustice may be resented by the absolute withdrawal of Sir Charles Russell and his associates from the case, leaving the field entirely free to the counsel of the accusers. Such a course would at least emphasize the Irish, if not the popular, estimate as to the impossibility of obtaining justice from a commission dominated by Tory sentiments.

POPULAR INTEREST IN
BASE-BALL.

THE opening of the new Polo Grounds at Eighth Avenue and 155th Street, by the New York Giants, on the 8th instant, was an event of interest, not only to the admirers of base-ball, but to the public at large. At least 10,000 persons were present, and the scene was one of the most animated ever witnessed on a like occasion in this vicinity. The new grounds look small to eyes accustomed to the old Polo Grounds, but they are sufficiently large for the use to which they are applied. They extend for two blocks along Eighth Avenue and 400 feet along 155th Street, and the field, which is twenty feet below the street, is as smooth as a floor. The grand-stand, or pavilion, which is not yet finished, will be a solid structure, built in a semicircle. The pavilion is 320 feet long on the field side, fifty feet deep at each end, and sixty feet deep in the centre. The length of the rear or street line is 410 feet. The pavilion will have two decks, or tiers. The tiers will have ten aisles each, and will be supplied with lifting seats. Above the second tier on the rear, fronting the entrance, will be placed round towers. The free seats at the end of the pavilion will hold 7,000 people, and the pavilion 2,500.

In connection with our view of the new grounds, we give a picture illustrating the popular interest in the game of base-ball, as shown around the bulletins of those newspapers which report important games. The scene in front of the *World* office, which has come to be a centre of base-ball partisans, on the occasion of any merely ordinary match equals in excitement and enthusiasm that of a big election night, and one who has once witnessed it will need no further evidence to persuade him that this particular sport is every day growing in popular favor.

THE STRIKE AT THE CARNEGIE
MILLS.

WE illustrate on this page certain incidents of the recent strike of 2,800 employes in the steel-mills of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., at Homestead, Pa. The strike is now happily adjusted, but it at one time threatened to be attended with serious consequences. The company having brought a force of non-union men from Pittsburgh, the strikers assailed them so fiercely that they were

WILKIE COLLINS, THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH NOVELIST
PHOTO BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 419.]

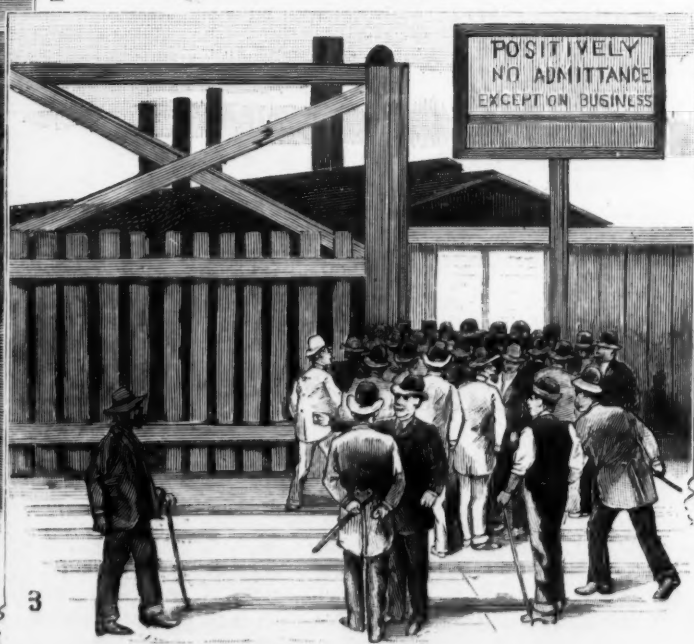
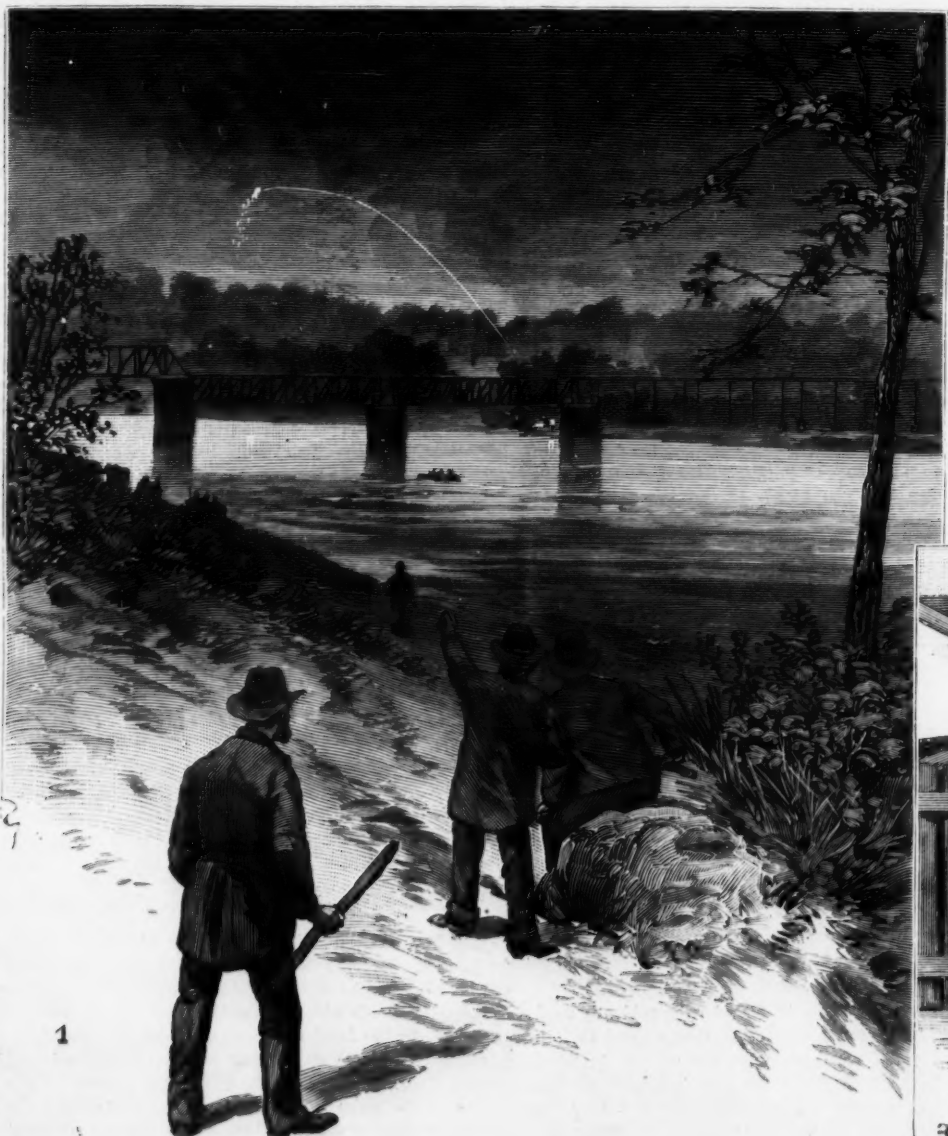
glad to make their escape to the hills, and when, later, a force of 125 armed and uniformed deputy-sheriffs were sent to the scene, they were received by a mob of a thousand or more men, women, and children, and for the most part induced to leave the place.

steady pace; rather does he go in a series of little jumps and runs. The eyes have almost a wild look. Altogether he is always what Randolph Churchill once called him—"an old man in a hurry." So he was going along to-day."

The mob closed in upon the deputies, tore off their badges, and remonstrated with them until they broke ranks and fully half the posse declined to serve. Fortunately, there were persons on both sides who saw that nothing was to be gained by a protracted struggle, and after some difficulty a conference was arranged which resulted in a compromise and a resumption of work. It is understood that, under the compromise, the workmen have agreed to accept a twenty per cent. reduction instead of thirty-five per cent., as proposed by the firm. The scale will remain in force for three years, ending in 1892; and instead of the scale year beginning with January, as proposed by Carnegie, it will begin upon July 1st, the same as the amalgamated-iron scale. It is said that the strikers, before yielding, had decided to call out the 6,000 employes at the other mills of the Carnegie firms and the thousands of coke-ovens. Railroad employes running into Homestead, it is claimed, had also agreed not to haul any train bearing material or men for the firm, thus still further complicating the difficulty. It is believed that the basis of settlement will be adopted generally in the mills of that section.

MR. GLADSTONE IN SUMMER ATTIRE.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR says of Mr. Gladstone, whom he met in one of the streets of London a few days since: "The old boy is very fond of gay dress, and when summer comes he develops into a regular butterfly. He is one of the very first Members of Parliament to wear a white hat. He dons a white waistcoat—whiter than that of anybody else—and his coat is usually of the very lightest color and material that our climate and customs would permit. To-day, as usual, he was dressed in the most summery style. Always interesting, he is never more interesting than when you see him casually in the streets. The strange eagerness of his temperament is brought out by everything about him. He always appears to be walking as if his whole life depended on his getting in front of every man that was in front of him. He does not go along the streets with an even and



1. A SIGNAL OF WARNING—STRIKERS PATROLLING THE RIVER-BANK. 2. "EFFIGY" OF A MILL BOSS. 3. STRIKERS READING THE SHERIFF'S PROCLAMATION.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECENT STRIKE AT THE CARNEGIE STEEL-MILLS AT HOMESTEAD—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.



1. THE SIDEBAR. 2. A FARE GAME. 3. HIS FIRST VISIT TO A GAMBLING-HOUSE.

NEW JERSEY.—THE GAMBLING EVIL AT LONG BRANCH.—SCENES AT THE PRINCIPAL CLUB-HOUSES IN WHICH PUBLIC PLAY IS TOLERATED.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. D. H.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

COURTIERS.

WHAT saith the violet unto my love?
 "I am blue, but thine eyes are bluer."
 What flasheth the north star down to my love?
 "I am true, but thine heart is truer."
 Oh, how sing the birds, the poets of spring,
 In their rippling, woodland metre?
 "Our voices are filled with the music of May,
 But thy voice, thy voice is sweeter."
 And the sea? hath the sea not a word to send
 On his dancing, white-capped waters?
 "Fairer, ay, fairer art thou in thy youth
 Than my pearl-crowned mermaid daughters."
 And the earth and the sky and the roving winds
 And the eloquent old romances
 Are bearers of tales of my love—of my love—
 Swift couriers of her glances.


JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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A PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE AND
IN UNIFORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON SMITH."

CHAPTER XXII.—IS HE ALIVE?



HE sun was just lighting up the east as we left the house and hurried to the grotto. Yellow, shriveled leaves of the autumn-time, now damp with the dews of night, made a noiseless and beautiful carpet beneath our feet. The air had that vital, life-giving sense in it which we often note in those favored temperate zones, every breath we inhale seeming to carry a new power to the lungs and a new vigor to the limbs, while the chest expands as if filling and feeding to repletion on the unseen but invigorating food of clean, pure air. On such a morning life becomes a priceless boon, and a new meaning comes into the old Mosaic words, "And he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul."

In the party visiting the tomb was the venerable form of Hugh Mallon, and the three strangers followed close behind. I followed behind all the rest, with but little interest in the proceedings of the three strangers. I had never given much attention to psychological studies, and the airy and mysterious teachings which occupied the attention of pseudo-religionists I had cast aside as unworthy of notice. Religion to me meant only a life bounded and controlled by maxims and creeds which were sufficient to form excellent characters in those I had loved, and I inherited my religion when I did my name and my modest patrimony. I had heard of infidels and skeptics, but I never knew one personally, and classed them all together as active leaders among the dangerous classes. When men spoke of the Church, I took it for granted that they meant the organization known as the Presbyterians. Other religious societies were not Churches—they were "isms." I did not know then that there was a great, seething sea of honest thought, without bounds and without charts. I floated my little argosy of faith on a safe mill-pond, where there was no room for tidal waves or equinoctial storms. Had I been a thinker, I might have told this story better; but I dare say a stenographer can report a speech on the commercial relations of the civilized world when he does not know a protocol from an impost. So I have told the story and shall tell it. I am aware that a scene was enacted here, in this little valley, at this grotto, which I do not understand. If there was trickery, or deception, I am not deep enough to unravel it. If I use the wrong words, it is because I am a surveyor, and not a linguist. If I fail to describe emotions and actions in a graphic manner, it is because my profession had caused me to drive grade-stakes on the profile of a route for a railway rather than to map the history of a human tragedy. You will understand, then, that the most marvelous events of a century should not be discredited because of the failure of the narrator; but, rather, the simplicity of my story should win your credulity by its rude, blunt method.

I am sure that the iron door of the grotto had not been opened for seven years. The key which Mr. Mallon produced had been hanging on the wall ever since it had been used to close the iron door. The lock had rusted into its position against the hasp, so that the oxidized mass had to be broken with a hammer. About the floor outside the grated door were souvenirs of love, in the form of faded and decaying wreaths and bouquets left by loving maidens and swains. When the key was applied to the lock it was found that the functions of spring and mechanism were ruined, and that the lock must be broken loose, which was done, and the tomb was entered. When the door was turned back, the morning light shone into the little cave and lighted it up with sufficient radiance to make everything perceptible.

On the dais of square stone in the centre of the cave were two objects. One had the suggestive form which is easily recognizable. In the folds of faded cloth we knew reposed all that remained on earth of one of our race. The other object, at its side, was huddled up in a rude bunch suggestive of a human form crouched together, as if sitting with its arms about its knees and head reposing on its breast.

Mallon spoke in a whisper:

"The one on the right is Cadogan. The form on the left is that of the lady who died broken-hearted when he died."

Humi, the adept, took the lead in all the rest of the curious proceedings in the tomb.

With a gentle hand he opened the cements of the girl and turned them back. Time and kindly nature had done their work. Only the frame of the once beautiful form remained. The glorious tresses of hair, grown to an enormous length, lay in shiny folds on the stone. Humi refolded the shrouding-cloths and turned his face to the east, muttered some soft guttural in an unknown tongue, and bowed three times. Then he eagerly turned to the crouched form of Cadogan and rapidly cut the stitches of the rough covering. When the coarse woolen blanket of the soldier was cut loose and cast aside he came to the rubber

poncho of the infantry. He examined it carefully, and when he discovered its material life looked up and smiled, and said:

"Good; it was very wise. It was used to prevent evaporation. Think once, in time he would be desiccated, like wood."

As if encouraged by this discovery, he turned and hurriedly tore away the covering of rubber and came to a white linen covering saturated with oil. He looked up and smiled, again remarking:

"It is the *puranayann*. Had this tomb been opened as he expected, Cadogan would have been found alive—but seven years. It is beyond our art."

At last the shrouding-linen was laid aside, and we all crowded forward to look upon the face of the dead. Mallon took one look and said, with a sigh: "It is not Cadogan."

Humi stood with folded arms and sneeringly said:

"You judge too quickly. You forget that seven years have elapsed. You expected to see the youthful features of the young soldier. I told you that our art concealed an art. We arrest the decays of life, but in the tomb outraged time and cheated nature assert themselves again. What do you see? A head of long, snow-white hair; a patriarchal beard, white as snow. I told you that this man had been known to the brotherhood for seventy years. In his diary he hints at events occurring in another century. It is Cadogan."

Humi stepped forward and peered into the face of the dead. It was very strange. There was no decay. The flesh was attenuated and shrunken, and the eyes had receded into the skull, but there was no evidence of decay.

Humi lifted one eyelid and looked long and closely at the eyeball. It was without expression and turned upward. He touched the flesh of the arm, and it retained the impression like wax.

"Too late," he sighed; "but once it would have shamed any feat of the greatest Fakir of the East."

Long he gazed at the naked, crouching, and statue-like form; then he muttered fiercely to himself, drew from his pocket a sharp instrument and began cutting off the hair from the top of the head of the inanimate man. When he had shaved it smooth he put the instrument in his pocket and laid his cheek against the head. For a time there was silence at this mad and sacrilegious act, and we were about to demand that the corpse be again covered and the tomb sealed forever, when we saw a change taking place in the features of Humi. His eyes gleamed like diamonds, a smile broke over his dark features like sunshine, and he spoke in a tone of joy.

"Run! bring from the house the warm wheaten cake and the melted butter. Bring also the little bag of leather I brought with me last night; bring also hot water in abundance."

Then he turned to the cold form of Cadogan, and spreading the blankets on the ground, took up the dead as if he were a child and laid him on the blankets.

When we came back with the load of articles for which we were sent, we found Humi kneeling beside Cadogan and chafing his arms rapidly. He took the melted butter from my hand, setting it down at his side; he seized a knife, and inserting it between the teeth of the corpse, pried apart the gums. Then he inserted his finger and drew out the tongue, asking me to hold it. I remember that it was stiff and had a tendency to turn back into the throat. I had to use some force to retain it in my grasp. Then Humi poured the melted butter into the open mouth and forced it down the throat. I observed these operations with great curiosity, and the rest stood spell-bound. He next took the warm wheaten cake and laid it against the bare head. These operations completed, he took the warm water and began bathing the limbs, seeking to make the joints flexible by rubbing and bending them.

As sure as I am a living man I saw the hue of life begin to come into the cold flesh. I turned and peered into the face. The eyeballs were enlarging and filling the sockets of the eyes. At last the rigid limbs became pliable and the form was straightened out upon the blankets. Humi kept muttering in his outlandish tongue, and occasionally said in English:

"Seven years. It is the triumph of the Eastern philosophy. He will be the king among the brotherhood. Seven years. Seven years."

At last he laid his cheek upon the breast of Cadogan above the heart, and listened long and intently. Then he arose, with a scream of joy, and ran to his leathern gripsack, and taking a vial from it, came and dropped a few drops of a crimson liquid into Cadogan's open mouth. In my excitement I may have exaggerated some circumstances, but it seemed to me that I heard a crackling sound in Cadogan's frame, as of a fire devouring brush-wood. I know, at any rate, that I heard a great gasp, and that the chest of the dead moved in exhalation, then in a great inspiration, and Cadogan began to breathe.

Hastily Humi commenced to wrap the resurrected in his blanket, to generate heat. Hastily he turned a few more drops of the melted butter into the open mouth, and then he said to us:

"It is over, and you saw it. You can tell all men that the secrets of life are with us. Behold me. I am the Mahatma of the inner circle. You have seen what the world has longed for, what sages have dreamed of. You can swear it is true. See, our brother opens his eyes. What is it, my brother? Can you speak?"

He leaned over and placed his ear at the mouth of the resurrected. We heard a mumbled sentence, and the Mahatma Humi said:

"He says I have been long on the road. He was weary waiting. True, my brother, but your comrade died and your letter was never read. The general, your neophyte, was assassinated. You did not dream of this. But I found your knapsack. I read your words, and I am here. It is enough. Sleep now, and rise up and tell all men the triumph of our cult."

Cadogan said, in a sepulchral tone:

"When I sleep again it will be my last sleep. Give me more of the red celestial cordial in your vial, and let me speak, for my journey is over. I have much to say."

CHAPTER XXIII.—HE SPEAKS.

WHEN these operations were completed it was nearly noon, and the warm sunlight was flooding the open door of the grotto and making it light within. Lucy Mallon had heard of

the incredible events of the morning, and had come to look once more on the face she had never expected to see again. Sam Johnson had intrusted the mail-wagon and famous mules to a subaltern, and stood, hat in hand, at the open door beside Lucy. It was worthy of remark that Cadogan saw the face of the colored man and made a motion for him to approach. Sam grinned a ghastly smile, and said, as he backed away:

"Dass wa-wa-wat I said. Dis chile ain' one ob dem niggers dat intrudes hisself on de privacy ob a gen'lman. Ef yo's got any important message, yo' kin sen' me word on a postal-kyard. I runs de mail."

Cadogan bared his breast and pointed to the blue wound Sam had covered with a bandage seven years before.

"De ma-ak is all right, Mr. Cadogan, an' I takes yer word, but yo' be'n raisin' a pa' ob whiskers dat gits me. I s'pee' it all come from dat voodoo bizness. Dey ain' no rabbit's foot gwine to git away wid Miss Myra's conjurin', I tell yo'," said Sam, as he still backed away.

Lucy shuddered as she contemplated the strange being who had had such a powerful influence on her life. With a woman's rapidity of thought she comprehended that the circumstances which had colored her whole life were but an episode in the life of this remarkable man, whose life spanned an age, and whose deductions came from the study of a race, and not from acquaintance with one or more individuals. A smile involuntarily moved her lips as she thought of her absorbing love, but this changed to a look of reverence as she studied the august features of the seer. The white locks, now gathered away from his face, and the snowy beard, now flowing down upon his breast, gave to him a dignity his features had never worn before. His wan lips were wreathed in a smile as he said, in a feeble tone:

"My friend, my comrade."

He sat propped up on a bundle of the wrappings, with his face turned to the sunlight, and we all stood in front of him. Humi stood immediately in the front, with folded arms, and a studious and puzzled look on his dark face. There was something in the conduct of Cadogan he did not understand, and yet recognizing him as his superior, he waited to see what course he would take as to his resurrection.

Cadogan began speaking in a low, tremulous tone, but as he went on, his long-unused faculties worked more smoothly, and he talked at times rapidly and in a loud, fierce tone. He said:

"I wish first to say that my apparent death was voluntary. Captain Woodson was not responsible for my death."

A sigh of satisfaction was heard, and the blind officer moved up closer to the speaker. He went on:

"This submission to death and burial had long been contemplated by me as a final step in my studies of a life-time in the occult and mysterious. The terrible sufferings, both mental and physical, to which I had been subjected made me hasten the time of my experiment in burial and resurrection. By this expedient I could escape the torments I dreaded and end my experiences in military life, which had become odious to me. I did not contemplate the terrible consequences to those who loved me, and whom I loved in return, or I should not have then plunged into the vortex of death. I allude to the fair and heroic woman who sleeps beside me here."

A shudder shook his weak frame, but he resumed:

"The means I employed to simulate death are known to all who have made a study of the curious arts of Eastern sages. I need not tell of them here. It is enough to know that I was successful; in fact, a case like mine is unparalleled in history. I attribute the vitality which bore me through this test alive to my life-long regimen of abstinence and a peculiar condition of vital functions I had induced by my habits. But the statement I wish to make will be more incredible than any I have hinted at. But first, how long have I lain here?"

"This is the autumn of 1870," said Mallon, in a low voice.

"Seven years," said Cadogan. "Then I have lain in a living grave in a perfectly conscious state seven years!"

A shudder of incredulity went through the little group, and they moved a step backward. Cadogan said:

"You are horror-stricken at an evil so vast and terrible that you can hardly give it lodgement in your minds. I, a living man, have followed in imagination the processes of decay in her I loved, here at my side. *Simulated death consists in a conscious control of the faculties, not in insensibility.* School-boys are frightened at a vivid portraiture of a literal hell. The capacity man has for suffering lies as far beyond the painted flames of hell as space lies beyond our little planetary system. I have been a brother to the worm and a companion of the vampire-bat for seven years. Seven springs have come with herald songsters and bursting buds, but they have brought no new hopes to me. Summers have waxed and waned, and men have lounged beneath the shade of trees and railed at the slow flight of odorous, free, happy hours, while I have lain a frozen, conscious sufferer through seven such summers, each an age in length. Autumn has come, and the yellow leaves have sifted down on my couch and low, wailing winds have told me of another summer gone. In imagination I have stood in harvest-fields and toiled until I fainted, and I sang psalms of joy for the privilege of toiling in the sunlight I thought I should never see again. Winter waited about my cave, and I thought of warm firesides and human companionship, and friendly greetings, and good-nights spoken at chamber-doors, and shouted hails of neighbors in the frosty morning air. Listen. I prayed for a real death as men pray for choicest gifts of heaven. I longed for unconsciousness as dying travelers on Sahara dream of brooks with white pebbles and gleamy minnows. Then I heard steps ring on the stone portal, and I tried to break the icy sleep and call out, but I was in an eternity of nightmare, a hell of silence, a cycle of weary, delirious dreams."

He gasped and fell back upon his couch.

(To be continued.)

THE BABES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

SO much has been written about the babes of the White House—grandchildren of President Harrison—that our picture on page 421 will interest persons of all classes and conditions. The photographer, it will be observed, caught the group at an interesting moment—the lunch hour—and we have

the little ones in perhaps their best moods, and, at any rate, in an entirely natural attitude. We can easily understand, looking into their bright and winning faces, why the President finds greater satisfaction in their sweet companionship than in that of the politicians who throng his doors. And we can comprehend, too, how the man who has a love for children in his heart, and finds solace and enjoyment in their prattle, can be depended upon not to go far astray as to any question of conscience or of duty.

WILKIE COLLINS.

WILKIE COLLINS, whose serious illness seems likely, at this writing, to result fatally, has so long held a leading place among writers of fiction that any sketch of his career or outline of his work in this connection would be superfluous. He is, unquestionably, the last great English novelist of the school to which he belonged, and to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER he had come to be a personal friend, some of his best works having been first given to the American public through these columns.

THE STOCK MARKET HANDICAPPED.

AN anomalous condition of things presents itself to-day. While the receipts of the Government and the bank exchanges reflect a large and increasing volume of business throughout the country, a spirit of unrest and disquiet, deep-seated and all-pervading, handicaps the stock market, and even the operations of some legitimate lines of business. The Interstate Commerce Law, which, it was boasted, was to have accomplished so much for shippers, which was to have done so much for merchants, and which was to have tied the railroads down to real honest business and prevented speculation and ruinous competition by competing corporations, has been tried. It has proved to be an utter failure. Under its operations it is impossible for competing railways to pool their interests, for the protection either of themselves, of investors, or of shippers. The law distinctly forbids in one of its sections, under serious penalty, any pooling or combination. As a result, various devices have been tried to bring the railroads together in an amicable agreement, and thus prevent ruinous rate-cutting and cut-throat competition.

The best organizing minds in the country thought that a practical plan had at last been worked out, and it was put in form in shape of the Interstate Railway Association, at the beginning of this year. The first fruits of this association, which was a combination without a pool, promised good results, but these promises were destined to be dashed to the ground. Led by the Chicago and Alton, several railroads have indicated a desire to withdraw from the association. The simple withdrawal of one railroad, with the announcement of a cut rate, is sufficient to demoralize traffic, to confuse investors, and to distress speculators on Wall Street. The enormous power that this situation of affairs places in the hands of not only the managers of our railroads, but also of their subordinates, to whom is intrusted the making of rates, can hardly be estimated. No matter how steady the current and how sure the prospect of peace and prosperity, and of a boom on Wall Street, may be, the investor goes to bed at night fearing what the morning papers may bring him, in the shape of reports of cuts in rates, withdrawals from traffic agreements, and the disruption of amicable railway relations. It is not an agreeable condition of things.

At such times one would think that an opportunity had come for advancing securities outside of the railway corporations and not interested in their pooling arrangements. For instance, it would seem as if the Elevated railroads of New York, the Western Union, the American Cable, and other securities not affected by trunk-line contentions, would find nothing to block the way for a rise. There is no doubt that the managers of the Trust companies, such as Sugar, the Lead, Cotton-oil, and other industrial combinations, thought they saw in the situation their golden opportunity for speculation. But no sooner has these "industrial securities," as they are called, been launched and put on the highway to the general boom than the depression that handicapped the street struck the Trust stocks also, and left them the foot-ball of speculation and the prey of the bears.

There is something radically wrong with the railway situation. There are those who say there is something also radically wrong with the business situation. They find, for instance, a depleted bank reserve, an enormous extension of loans, and large exports of gold bullion, but no possible relief in case of a stringent money market unless the Secretary of the Treasury should interfere by making heavy purchases of Government bonds at abnormally high prices. If at the last session of Congress the Senate tariff bill had been passed, or if Mr. Randall's bill providing for a reduction of the internal revenue had become a law, this congested condition of the treasury, which now threatens business stability, would not exist.

The business world will in the end be better off if an extra session is called early in the fall, and if, at that session, a reduction of the revenue is provided for, and such amendments made to the Interstate Commerce Law as will remove the hardships it has imposed upon the railways of this country.

Even with large crops such as we expect, and with a heavy foreign demand for our cereals and our cotton, such a thing as a good-sized boom in Wall Street cannot be expected until the railroads are managed with some regard to the public as well as to private interests. They will be so managed when the stockholders insist on having something to say, even if they are obliged to invoke the aid of legislation to secure and maintain their rights.

JASPER.

WHY WE ARE RIGHT-HANDED.

PRIMITIVE man, being by nature a fighting animal (says the *Cornhill Magazine*), fought for the most part at first with his great canine teeth, his nails, and his fists, till in process of time he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillalah. He also fought, as Darwin has very conclusively shown in the man, for the possession of the ladies of his kind, against other members of his own sex and

species. And if you fight you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or if you don't, natural selection manages it for you, by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, or hand-to-hand combatant that most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill, or at any rate stun, even a very strong man. Hence, from a very early period men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart, for defense, the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull and paved the way at last for its supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword, or knife made the nerves or muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left. The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand preferentially in the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows, and all other manifold activities of savage life. It was the hand with which he grasped his weapon; it was therefore the hand with which he chipped it. To the very end, however, the right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife," and that is exactly how our own children to this date decide the question which is which when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.

A PECULIAR MANITOBA FARM.

"I'VE seen almost all kinds of curious farms, I think," said a traveler the other day to a *Tribune* reporter, "from ostrich down to peppermint farms, but one of the strangest is up in Manitoba. Its principal crop is an annual growth of young Englishmen, sons of wealthy parents who have interrupted the boys in their diligent work of sowing a thick and early crop of wild oats, and have sent them out to the colony to have their moral and physical health built up and a little industry and useful knowledge instilled into them at the same time. The owners of the farm, two brothers, charge the boys for their board and instruct them in farming for nothing, but the work they manage to get out of the young fellows is worth a good deal more than the time spent in teaching them, though occasionally a horse is foundered or a piece of farm machinery broken by the young greenhorn."

"It is remarkable, though, how these young sprigs of nobility, many of them, take to the hard work of the farm. They have true British grit about them, and the managers have sense enough to have the drudgery and dirty work done by hired men. The boys ride the horse-rakes, drive the mowing-machines, learn to run a threshing machine, plow, etc., and all of them take kindly to the care of live stock—the horses especially, though a propensity to race the latter at every opportunity has to be guarded against. The instincts of gentlemen don't seem to desert them, either, for they will not sit down to eat in the clothes they have worked in, and refuse to eat with the farm-hand; who bring the smell of stables to the table. Bathing, shaving, and dressing for the evening take up a good deal of their time—indeed, 'waste it,' real farmers would say—but the boys insist on it and also cling to their cigarettes. Many of them get to like the life so that they stay longer than their parents insist on, but nearly all return gladly when the term of their banishment is over."

POLYCARP'S GRAVE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Mail and Express*, writing from Smyrna, says: "The chief historical character connected with Smyrna is Polycarp, one of the first Christian martyrs. He was its first bishop, and received instructions and, perhaps, his consecration from the Apostle John. His words to the Roman centurion, who offered him release from the flames if he would recant, are memorable: 'Eighty-six years have I served Him and He has never done me any harm. How, then, can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?' The Moslem has entered Polycarp's name upon the calendar of his saints, and points out his grave on an eminence behind the city commanding a fine view of the bay. The grave is inclosed by a fence, and is marked by a humble structure of stucco masonry three or four feet high. An old lamp is placed in a niche at the foot, and no doubt burns on occasion. A graceful cypress and a bush grow beside the tomb. Piety and superstition have attached rags to their branches in the hope of enjoying the supposed healing virtue of the saint's dust. An aged Mohammedan priest guards the site, real or un-genuine, and expects *backshish*."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 28th.—In New York City, Dr. J. Lewis Smith, Jr., a well-known expert in diseases of children; at Danville, N. Y., Mrs. Ruth S. Beatty, for many years a devoted worker in the cause of charity and of higher education for women, aged 80 years; at Long Branch, N. J., Maurice B. Flynn, a prominent Democratic politician of New York, aged 41. JULY 29th.—At Homestead, Pa., Francis B. Penniman, for many years conspicuous in public affairs, and an influential Republican speaker and journalist, aged 70; in Richmond, Va., Mrs. John Tyler, widow of President Tyler, aged 60; in Trumansburg, N. Y., David S. Biggs, a prominent business man and politician; in Newburg, N. Y., Samuel Stanton, known as the designer of many famous steam pleasure-yachts, aged 53; in Denver, Col., Rt. Rev. J. P. Machefert, Roman Catholic Bishop of Colorado, aged 77; in Orange, N. J., Rev. E. F. Remington, who had devoted much of his life to evangelical work, aged 73. JULY 31st.—At White Bear, Minn., Edmund Rice, ex-Representative in Congress from the Fourth Minnesota District. JULY 12th.—At Danielsonville, Conn., Judge Thomas J. Evans, for years connected with educational interests, aged 60. JULY 14th.—At Wellsville, N. Y., Asahel N. Cole, the inventor of the system of subterranean irrigation, and one of the founders of the Republican party, aged 67; at Norwich, N. Y., Dr. Harris H. Beecher, a well-known writer and speaker of the Chenango Valley, aged 69; at Balcony Falls, Va., Colonel Charles H. Locher, who superintended the Confederate iron-works at Lynchburg during the civil war, aged 70. JULY 15th.—E. C. Jordan, well known throughout the United States as the proprietor of the Jordan White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

PERSONAL.

THE estate of the late Simon Cameron is valued at \$1,700,000.

It is said that General Boulanger is now charged with the embezzlement of 252,000 francs.

IRON EAGLE FEATHER, a Sioux Indian, has just completed the scientific course at Dickinson College.

GENERAL SHERMAN recently made the ascent of Pike's Peak and was delighted with the experience.

PRESIDENT HARRISON spends part of each week at Deer Park, Md., during the heat of the summer, and Cabinet meetings will only be held as occasion may demand.

It is thought that ex-Senator B. K. Bruce, of Mississippi, will be appointed Register of the Treasury. He once held the position, performing its duties most acceptably.

THE Pope is in receipt of a petition, signed by a number of bishops and others, asking that Christopher Columbus be canonized on the anniversary of the discovery of America.

PRESIDENT CARNOT has made M. Auguste Lupin, the dean of the French turf, a chevalier, "on account of the valuable services rendered by him to the cause of horse-breeding for upward of half a century."

MR. KASSON, of the Samoan Commission, is still in Carlsbad, and will not return to America until the early part of September. Mr. Bates, however, will return much sooner, probably during this month or the first half of August.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT CRAWFORD, U. S. N., has been selected for the head of the great Williamson School at Philadelphia. He was born about forty-five years ago in Washington's old house at Valley Forge, and was at one time a workman in the engine-shops at Altoona.

THE engagement is announced in Paris of Miss Gwendoline Caldwell to Prince Murat, a descendant of Marshal Murat, the dashing cavalry officer in the time of Napoleon I. Miss Caldwell is well known in connection with her gift of \$300,000 toward founding the Catholic University of America.

JOHN TENNIEL, the cartoon artist of *London Punch*, will be seventy years of age during 1890. He joined the staff in 1851, succeeding Richard Doyle, who resigned on a question of conscience, and has worked under four editors—Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, and now Mr. Burnand.

AMONG recent appointments made by the President were these: Horace A. Taylor, of Wisconsin, to be Commissioner of Railroads; Thomas C. Mendenhall, of Indiana, to be Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey; and Henry W. Dietrick, of Indiana, to be Consul of the United States at Leipzig.

GENERAL EMMONS CLARK, late Colonel of the New York Seventh Regiment, has been appointed United States Consul at Havre, France. Ex-Congressman Roswell G. Horr, the funny man of Michigan, has been made Consul at Valparaiso. Dr. James F. Hartigan, of Washington, goes as Consul to Trieste, and John J. Chew, who has been in the State Department since 1870, is sent to Vienna as Secretary of Legation.

SECRETARY BLAINE is held responsible for the action of the American exhibitors at Paris in shutting their show-window on Sunday. The Secretary of State directed the American Minister and United States Commissioner-general "to recognize the observance of Sunday in accordance with the laws and customs of the American people." Sunday is the greatest day of the week for visiting the Exposition by French people.

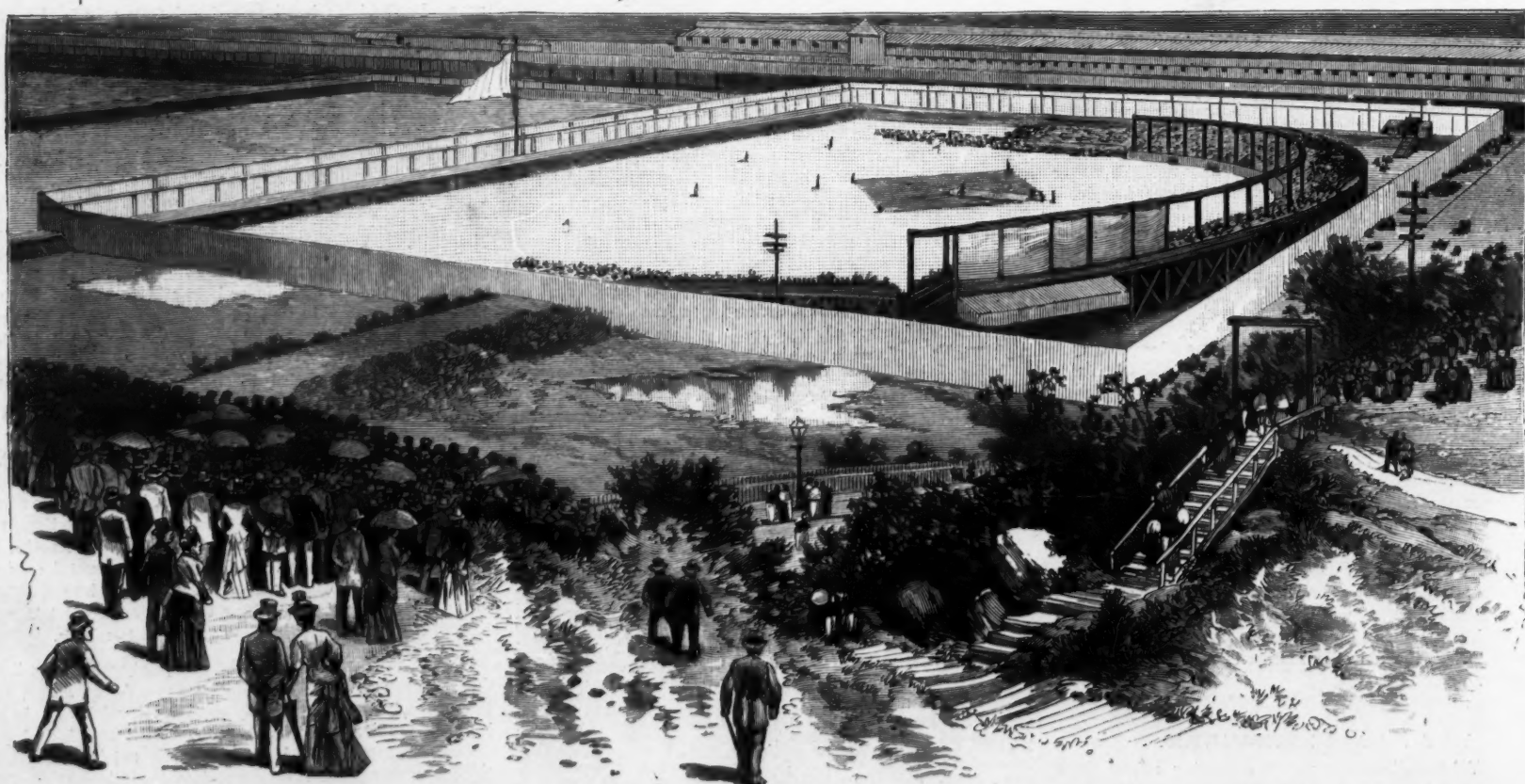
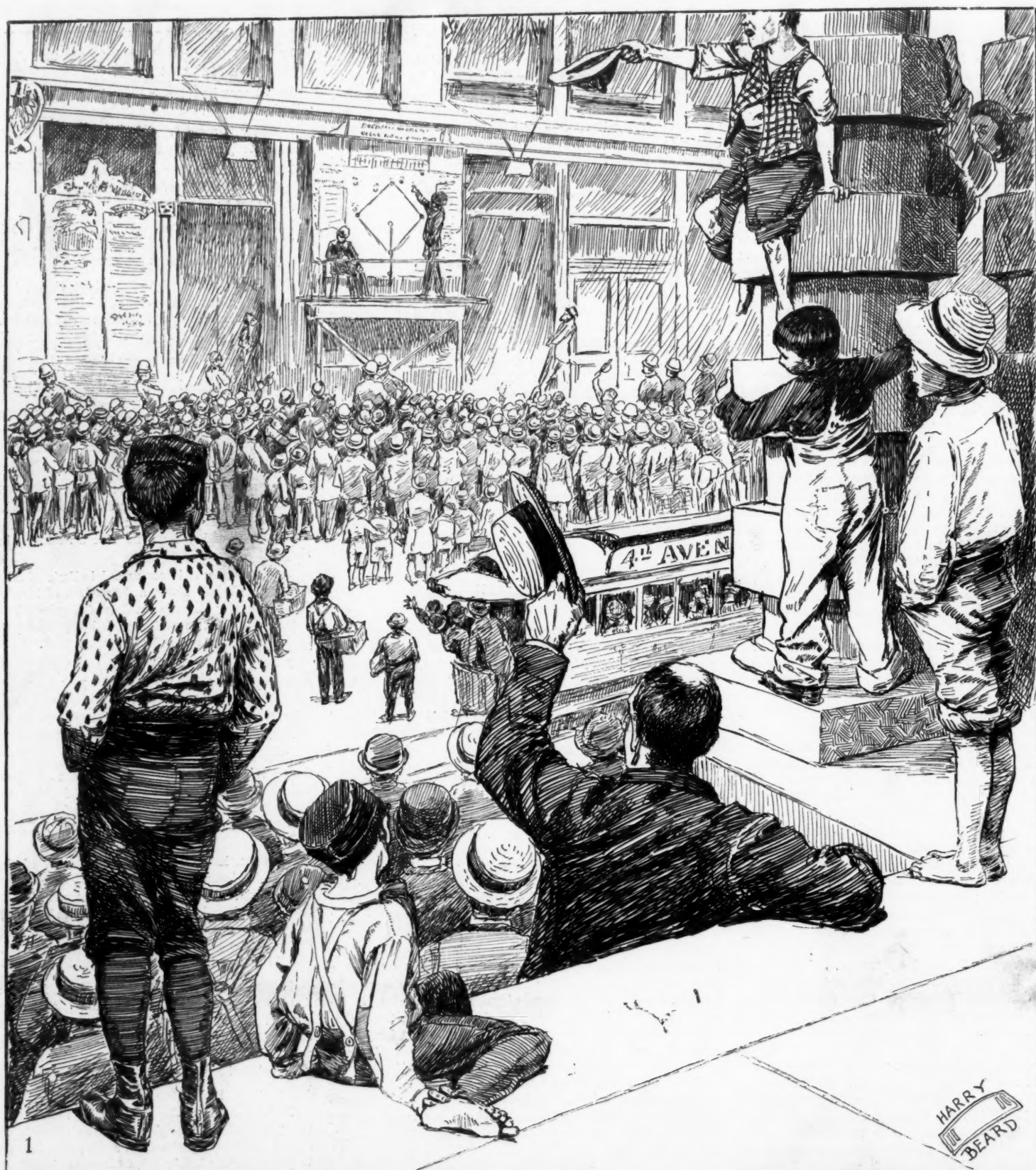
REV. DR. WILLIAM ORMISTON, who retired last spring from the pulpit of the Collegiate Reformed Church of New York, after a successful pastorate of many years, has accepted a call to preach for the Presbyterian Church at Pasadena, Cal., for one year. Dr. Ormiston has long suffered from an affection of the throat, and he finds that the climate of California agrees with him much better than that of the Atlantic sea-board.

AMONG recent deaths is that of William B. Carroll, who is said to have been the oldest circus-performer in the country. He was seventy-four years of age, and had been connected with a circus from his twelfth year. He was in his day a famous two-horse rider, a wonderful leaper, and a clever acrobat. He had charge of the Waterbury amateur circus entertainment, which was illustrated in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of May 18th.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL is going to enjoy his summer in a house-boat in and near Nova Scotia. It is an immense catamaran, housed over with a cottage that contains double parlors, dining-room, billiard-room, and spacious sleeping-apartments, besides kitchen, bath-rooms, and servants' quarters. It is propelled by two powerful screws, and in smooth water it is estimated that the boat will attain a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

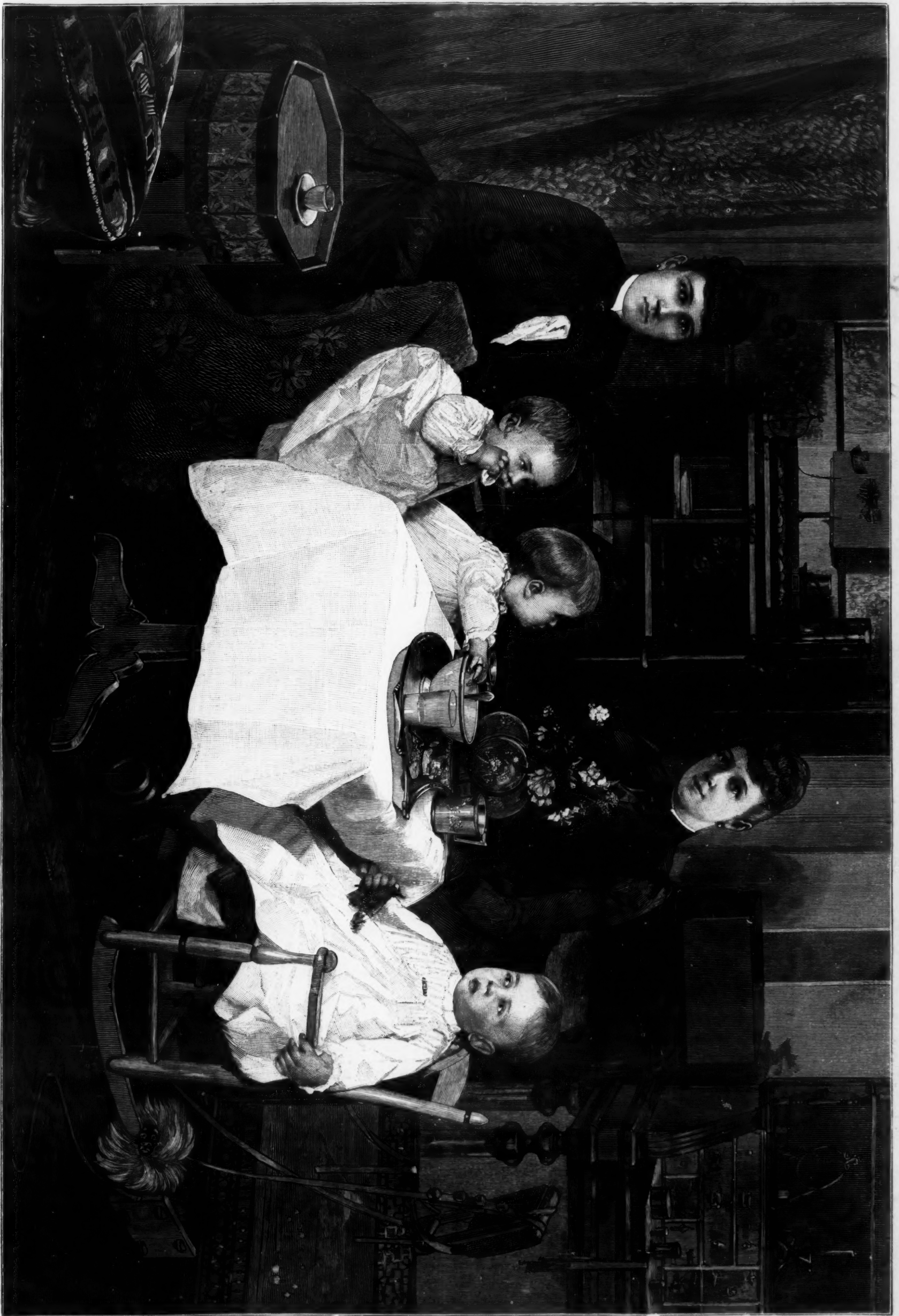
S. L. M. BARLOW, who died of apoplexy on the 10th inst., at the age of sixty, was a life-long Democrat and one of New York's greatest corporation lawyers. He received in his life-time several single fees of from \$20,000 to \$100,000. A trip to Europe on behalf of an Illinois railroad brought him \$50,000. Another trip in behalf of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad netted an equal sum. At the close of the Franco-German war he got \$25,000 for an hour's work in adjusting a difficulty among certain members of a syndicate for supplying arms to Gambetta.

THERE are heroes and heroines in plenty among the lowly. One of them is the German servant-girl, Atalie Lange, aged twenty-four years, who recently sacrificed her life at Lake Mohouk, in Ulster County, N. Y., to save that of a little boy of seven years entrusted to her care. While out for a ramble, the boy fell over a bluff twenty feet into the cold waters of the mountain lake. The maid, without hesitating a moment, plunged after the child, and held him up until a rescuer arrived; but before the brave woman could be saved, she had sunk beneath the dark waters. The heroine was poor and unknown, and without a relative in the land; yet her deed richly deserves a splendid commemorative shaft.



1. SCENE IN NEWSPAPER ROW IN FRONT OF THE "WORLD" BUILDING—WATCHING THE RETURNS. 2. GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW GROUNDS OF THE NEW YORK CLUB.

THE POPULAR INTEREST IN BASE-BALL.—DRAWN BY HARRY BEARD AND C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 416.]



THE BABES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTO (COPYRIGHTED, 1889, BY W. J. MERRILL).—[SEE PAGE 418.]

IN A FIFTH AVENUE STAGE.
AN EPISODE.

IN a gorgeous Fifth Avenue stage I was riding, surrounded by girls. When a maiden of exquisite age Crowded in. Her blue eyes and soft curls

Sent a sudden, deep thrill through my heart;
And, while trying to look and not stare,
I said, with well-improvised art:
"If you wish I will pass up your fare."



Then she opened her pocket-book wide,
To find only a five-dollar bill.
"Will he change it?" she said. I replied:
"I very much doubt if he will."

"The placard beyond us says 'two'
Is the utmost the driver can take."
"Well, then," said she, "all I can do
Is to walk, for my foolish mistake."

And she rose on her way to get out,
That maiden of exquisite age;
But I put her decision to rest,
And made her remain in the stage.

For I begged her to stay in her seat,
And allow me her "passage to pay."
At these words she looked touchingly sweet,
And proceeded to smile—and to stay.



Her dress was *recherché* in style,
Her form and her face were *au fait*;
And we rode there together a mile,
Till I had to get out for Broadway.

Sweet maiden, how little you know
What delight your mistake was to me;
How I dream of your eyes' wondrous blue,
Which the sky cannot match, nor the sea.

Let me know when you come out once more,
And for "change" do not take any care;
Hail my stage—and I beg and implore
That you look to my purse for the fare!

JOEL BENTON.

PUBLIC GAMBLING AT LONG BRANCH.

A SATURDAY night during the height of the season at Long Branch will afford an interesting experience. Come with me. It is race day. We go to the West End Hotel, where a letter of introduction secures us a good room, though the house is crowded. It is the height of noon. The crowd of guests is gathering for the midday luncheon, to many the principal meal of the

day. Brokers, bankers, clerks, merchants—many of them Hebrews—turf men, and a sprinkling of gamblers mingle with the multitude of fair and unfair women about the piazza, or wander through the long, dark, cool, breezy corridors. There is a sense of suppressed excitement about the scene. Perhaps this accounts for the hasty replies which you receive when you seek information, even at the clerk's desk. The typewriter, busy and business-like, alone seems to be an exception to the rule. Serenely conscious of her imperial sovereignty, abundantly able to take care of herself, of the type-machine and the long-distance telephone committed to her charge, she has the sense and the system to be courteous and polite to every patron. I wished, after I had finished my message over the long-distance telephone to the JUDGE building, that some of her wit might be caught by those about her.

Evening comes. The races have been visited, money has been lost or won, and the crowd comes surging back. It makes a rush, a mighty rush, for the dining-room, enormous in its expansiveness, dark until the lights are lit, studded here and there with sable monitors in full dress, led by that genial, obese, and obliging potentate in black, with gray whiskers, whom we all remember as the former head-waiter at a fashionable Saratoga hotel. I enter with fear and trembling. The crash of the crockery, the clinking of the glass-ware, the shuffling of hurrying feet, the babble of a multitude of voices—all this to the tired, worn-out, weary seeker after repose, rest, and relaxation is far from exhilarating.

Now the dinner is over and you have not failed, as you have passed through the dining-room, to notice that the ladies are dressed superbly for the occasion. You will not fail to note, as you take your rocker and light your cigar on the piazza, that the occasion means considerable to the young women. Up and down the quarter-stretch of the piazza, broad, lofty, and moon-struck as it is, starts and continues a procession that would dazzle Fifth Avenue on a Sunday afternoon. Gay young ladies, gayer young men, all becomingly attired, with the exceptional tennis freak or sporting man in blazer or slouched cap, present one of the most striking, picturesque, and interesting scenes that Long Branch or any other American watering-place can furnish. It is typical of the popular American crowded watering-place, and tired as I am, I feast my eyes on the moving panorama of faces at the close of a sultry day. As I sit with these flashes of color passing ceaselessly before me, amid the rustle of silks and satins and starched stuffs, I look across the way and see a broad, turreted, white mansion, surrounded by handsome gardens inclosing beautiful fountains glistening with the colors of the brilliant red lamps that overhang them, while the perfume of flowers in the well-kept grounds is wafted to me by every breeze and soothes and refreshes my nostrils. It is not a private mansion. It is a "club"—Phil Daly's gambling-house—"The Pennsylvania Club," as they politely call it at Long Branch. So I saunter down to look at the clubhouse, owned by a man who is to-day on the verge of eternity, the victim of a disease common to men who have led a fast life, and led it long and furiously, until too late to stop the pace or call a halt. Phil Daly is a victim of slow but relentless paresis, but Phil Daly's gambling-house is still alive, and its mahogany doors stand wide open. You ascend the steps and cross the threshold of a magnificently lighted apartment, where sit ladies and gentlemen at the tables of a well-kept restaurant, more gorgeous in its appointments than any hotel dining-room of New York City. Beyond it are little dining-rooms and card-rooms, and directly across the threshold, open to every one as much as any hotel in New York, is the gambling-hell itself.

It is not a large room, but it is sufficiently large to hold several gambling "lay-outs," and to accommodate all who are anxious to win or ready to lose. To the right of the door, well out from the wall, is a massive safe. I pass from this apartment into a wide hall. On either side, as I walk through, I notice the richly upholstered furniture, the half-dozen seats into which the tired loiterer may sink if he please to rest himself for a moment. Still treading the soft, velvety carpet, I reach the great octagonal gambling-hall itself, with its vaulted ceilings and its walls a mass of frescoes. Statues adorn the niches, and behind them the dark-blue inset of the wall is spangled with gilded stars. There is no noise save the monotonous cry of the man at the roulette-wheel as he announces the number or the card to which the play has fallen. Colored waiters glide noiselessly from the piazza through the green shutters into the low windows that serve as doors, bringing cigars and liquors and speaking not, receiving commands but making no response.

Sit yourself down in one of these easy-chairs—no one will molest you—and look at the gamblers. I cannot, I need not, describe the games. It would do you no good, nor am I competent for the task. I know there are roulette-tables here; I see the dealer at the faro-table, and I see the shuffling of cards at the baccarat-table; and there is the big dice-box game—they call it "hazard," I believe. Every green cloth at each table is well studded with stacks of ivory buttons, or "chips," representing money, and business is brisk. Those who sit at the tables seem to linger long. Few go out except to refresh themselves at the lunch-counter or the bar. Many come in, mostly young men, some of them in evening dress, with flushed faces, and all of them full of talk about their winnings or their losses at the races, and their conquests of the fair ones. The winners at the day's races speedily find their places at the tables. They are the rashest bettors.

It is nearly eleven o'clock. Let us leave this gaudy home of one of the greatest of man's vices, and continue our tour. Jump into this wagon and drive to the Scarboro' Hotel, another fashionable resort. Within its shadow is the gambling-house of John Daly—"The Long Branch Club-house." It is not so gorgeously illuminated as that of Philip Daly. It does not flaunt its attractions with open doors and dazzling lights into the face of every passer-by. The doorway is half darkened. As we ascend the steps, notice the man on our right who sits at ease in a rocking-chair. He will be at his ease the rest of the night, and far into the morning of Sunday. Notice his eyes—how they scan you as you ascend the steps; how they peer into your face; how they examine and measure your purposes and your intentions, as well as your pocket-book. He is the watcher who notes all these things, the sentinel who guards the portals of the gambling-house. He knows men who, like

myself, are simply on a tour of inspection, but may gamble—according to the watcher's calculations—before they finish their observations. He knows, too, the habitant of Jersey, and he stops him. No man who resides permanently at Long Branch can enter one of its gambling-houses. If he loses, his wife will know it, his neighbors may know it, and there will be suits at law, exposure, and trouble for the gambling-house. The gambler does not want trouble. He plays his game, and says he plays it honestly. You take his money or he takes yours. All he asks is to be let alone to gamble.

John Daly's gambling-place is the finest in its interior arrangements of any at Long Branch. We pass through the hall, which separates the supper-room from the wine and card rooms, into a most beautiful apartment, octagonal in shape, with its lofty ceiling richly decorated with heavy-figured but brilliant racing scenes, full of life and color, though rather roughly drawn and finished. The great brass chandelier hanging from the dome that ventilates this apartment perfectly—carrying off every whiff of smoke and every foul breath of air—sheds a dazzling light and illuminates every part of the room. Underneath it is a table that cost nearly \$1,500, and that was made for Bill Tweed. It was ordered just before his downfall, with a dozen or two of handsome solid-mahogany dining-chairs, each costing nearly \$100. They are upholstered with alligator-skin.

The same games are played here as we found at the Pennsylvania Club. The crowd is a little larger. The dealer behind the faro-table, which seems to be the centre of attraction, and which is surrounded by a crowd of men three deep, has an impassive face, a quiet, low, pleasant voice, and he never smiles. At his side, as at the side of every other dealer, sits a watcher near the money-drawer. Eager hands stretch out from those who sit or stand about the table, shuffling the stacks of "chips" which represent, according to their color, from one dollar upward in value, and every eye is strained at the cards that come from the dealer's pack. The first card that comes out loses, the second wins. How deft the fingers of the gambler! How easily the cards slip under the manipulation of his lithe, well-practiced digits! How quick and alert are this man's calculations as, after each turn of a card, his hand glides from point to point upon the green cloth before him, taking in here a stack of "chips," giving another out there, adjusting in a moment every bet, and preparing for the next turn of the wheel of fortune. Marvelous is his dexterity. And how silently, quickly, remorselessly he takes the bills—\$50, \$100, \$500—as they are thrown down by the eager gambler who wants more "chips." They drop into the money-drawer, which opens as if by magic and closes as noiselessly, without a click, without a sound. If your eyes were not open you would not know what had transpired. Not a rustle is heard, except an occasional ejaculation of surprise or joy, and these are half suppressed; we cannot hear them across the room. See that man at roulette who, with well-studied indifference, pushes his stack of chips back to the dealer? "I will take \$300," he says. That means his winnings, and he is satisfied. He has his \$300 in a safe grasp—a \$100 bill and four \$50 notes. He goes out. You say he is a wise man; he has gone home \$300 richer. Wait; you shall see. As we go out into the hall we pass the dining-room. Supper has been set at eleven, and it is a good supper—a great deal better than you will get at any hotel—and it is free to the gambler, and to you if you are a visitor. If you want to eat, step in and take a chair. You will not be insulted; you will not be molested. You can eat and drink and go. This is the courtesy of the gambler; nothing can excel it. But one must hasten.

Now you go to the Ocean Club. This, too, is under the shadow of one of the most fashionable hotels. It is within hailing distance of the Ocean House. It is kept by a man named Slater, of Baltimore. It is the least pretentious of the three great gambling-houses of Long Branch. There sits the sentinel in the shade upon the piazza. You walk through the hall, paneled in dark wood, perhaps mahogany, turn to the left, and enter the large, square gambling-hall. It is more quiet than the others, but the roulette-table is busy, and there, at the head of it, already a loser, sits the young man who had just won \$300 at John Daly's. How long will it be before he and his \$300 shall have parted? How much more will he have lost before he finds his way home? There is not so much style at the Ocean Club. I see in one of the rooms evidences of a free lunch. I observe the same quietude, and I find behind the faro-desk a gambler who, as the hour of midnight approaches, deals the cards with a certain smile of satisfaction. He is the only dealer during the night's tour whom I have seen smile, and as I watch the losers—and they lose heavily—and as I notice the easy sweep of the dealer's hand as he draws his winnings from the green baize, I observe the secret of his smile. The bank is in luck—"big luck," as I heard it expressed.

This is gambling at Long Branch—open, flagrant, law-defying, challenging public opinion, defying justice, blazoning out upon its walls that old, defiant cry of the political corruptionist, the race-track book-maker, and the sporting man generally: "What are you going to do about it?" The gambler, defending his practice, says: "We must have gambling at Long Branch. Without it this place would lose its attractiveness. People come to Long Branch because we have the race-track here, where they can gamble, and because we have club-houses where they can continue to gamble. Take away the race-track and club-houses, and nothing would be left of Long Branch but empty hotels and cottages." Perhaps the gambler is right. I had heard the same statement made by the late John Morrissey at his Saratoga club-house; but is there any reason why at Long Branch this open violation of law and of decency should be tolerated? Is there any reason why the man who boards at the best hotels must have the ears of himself, his wife, and his children saluted with the rattle of the roulette-wheel, the sound of the gamblers' calling-off, and the click of the ivory "chips" in the gamblers' hands? Is there any reason why a restaurant should be tolerated in a gambling-hell, and given the sanction of decent citizens as a fit and proper place for guileless women and children to sit and eat? No. If there must be gambling, let there be some pretense at least of putting it out of sight, as there is at Saratoga. Debar the youth from entering it; make police surveillance so strict that the way of temptation shall not be lighted with electric lights and bordered with flowers. If we must have recreation in the summer

months by the sea-shore, let us be permitted to have it where the residents possess the courage and the conscience to close the primrose path of dalliance that leads to endless woe.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF BODICES, LINGERIE, AND LACE.

THERE are certain things in the feminine world which "not to know argues yourself"—well, we'll say *unfashionable*. Of these is the term "gowned." We are not dressed, we are



LADY'S JACKET-BODICE.

"gowned"—unless our habiliments be a "costume," as everything modern which is not a "toilette" is called. A toilette is neither a gown nor a costume, but whatever is aesthetic, as any one-piece dress or velvet robe; while anything in old style is a "gown," and in wearing it we are "gowned." A thoroughbred English servant will say, "My lady is gowning, sir"; or, "Miss Marguerite will see you, sir, as soon as she is gowning." You will then be asked to partake of "metheglin," a mediæval beverage of honey and water, spiced, and fermented with yeast, while you await her, contemplating her portrait, taken as Elaine or Enid. There is a sound as of the rush of wings, and enter the fair one, gowning indeed. She has, we will say, rust-colored hair and deep, topaz eyes, and is attired in a straight gown of amber crêpe de Chine, full sleeves, with a fichu of amber crêpe lisse, bordered with a knife-pleating of the same. This is crossed over the breast and tied at the back in a full sash, which falls to the hem of the skirt. She greets you, and drops carelessly into the depths of a gobelin-blue plush chair, and your artistic eye dwells upon a picture fair to see.

No more do we wear basques and sacques; they are bodices, subdivided into blouse-bodices and jacket-bodices. A handsome example of the latter is given in the illustration above, which shows Indian Punjab silk in vieux-rose for the bodice proper, and jacket-fronts of point Velasqué lace. Full sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs of the lace, and a half-sash of watered ribbon is tied a little to one side. The wide-brim hat is made of fine mull, gathered over a white wire frame, and has for garniture a showy lace, which is a combination of Irish point and oriental. Bodices are trimmed in a variety of fanciful ways, often emanating from the active, fertile brain of a clever, experienced designer, who generally consults her own tastes, after making a careful study of the form, face, as well as the individuality, of each customer. The jacket-bodices are endless in their variety, and are worn over single or double breasted waistcoats—we are not permitted to say vests any more. The Figaro jacket is greatly admired, being cut away just below the chest to display the waistcoat, which may be as elaborate as desired. These jackets are often in velvet and silk, richly embroidered with gold or silver, and are worn with skirts of all descriptions. They are more useful, however, in black with gold embroidery, as they can be worn with a greater variety of skirts. For home, dinner, or theatre toilette, they may be worn with a black net skirt, accordion-pleated, and mounted on a red silk foundation, with a full under-bodice and sleeves matching the skirt, and a sash of soft red silk. White bodices are again fashionable; the prettiest are mounted on yokes of embroidery, with folded draperies following the line of the yoke, if pointed, or else the full fronts are crossed below a pointed plastron of embroidery, the right side crossing over the left. There is also the Servian tea-jacket, stylish, and becoming to slender figures. It is cut down straight from the shoulders, and is square over the hips, while the back is cut in tabs. The open front is filled with a drapery of lace or any filmy fabric. A jacket of this sort, worn recently at a lawn-party, was made of laurel-green peau de soie, open over a full-pleated blouse plastron of lettuce-green crêpe de Chine, with cravat-ends at the throat and full sleeves to match. The jacket-fronts were ornamented with horizontal rows of cord passementerie. Bands of ribbon with large bows confined the sleeves at the elbows and wrists, and a looped sash of the same fell from beneath the left jacket-front. The skirt which accompanied this jacket was of white point d'esprit net, accordion-pleated over the lettuce-green crêpe.

The present season may be correctly called "the reign of lace," and as its manufacture no longer requires years of toil, every variety may be found to meet the requirements of the toilette and the purse. Of the heavier grades, which are always used as flat trimmings, are the point Velasqué, point de gaze, point de gène, Irish point, and all open-work patterns. The airy, filmy laces and nets are pleated and bunched into foamy billows, for the unstudied trifles which seem to have had no plan of making. Anything that is transparent, dainty of texture, and delicate in coloring serves for articles of lingerie this season,

while fancy laces, finely pleated, and soft lace ruffles that droop as they will, are worn inside the necks of gowns. Directoire cravats, in lace or in colored crêpe de Chine, are fashionable, and give a pretty finishing-touch to a Directoire costume, and for evening toilettes a little bow to correspond may be placed in the hair. Lace waistcoats are dressy accompaniments for a variety of jackets, and are made over close linings, with shirred fronts, pointed girdles of ribbon, and frills below. Lace plastrons are made with cascades or coquilles of filmy edging, as were worn on waistcoats a century ago.

Collarless gowns are on the increase, and the maid with a smooth, round throat adopts them without delay. But whether the fancy will be generally adopted we have yet to see. We sincerely hope not, for although it is a most comfortable fashion for these humid days, when we meet the lank woman, with the cords in her neck standing out like the rigging of a ship, she is indeed "a sight for to see," and we are forced to cry out in deprecation for a *mandamus* in favor of high collars.

Pocket-handkerchiefs, dainty and exquisite in design, are as "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," and then to think of the time when a certain royal family owned but two. Like hosiery, gloves, and shoes, the handkerchief must match the costume, with linen gauze and cobweb lace for very best, and China silk or batiste, delicately embroidered in white or rainbow hues, which are selected according to the occasion or the clock.

ELLA STARR.

BURDEN-BEARERS IN THE CONGO STATE.

TEN years ago (says the *New York Sun*), when Mr. Stanley reached the foot of the cataracts on the Congo, he was confronted by a very serious difficulty. He had two little steamboats and a large lot of merchandise, 1,830 loads altogether, which he wished to carry up the river, and his force of carriers numbered only 70 Zanzibars and 120 Loangos. In vain he besought the native chiefs to supply him with carriers. The tribes along the river cared nothing for his trade goods if they must leave their homes and travel under heavy burdens to obtain them. Only once in awhile would the natives consent to give a hand at the ropes by which his engines were hauled on trucks, and they invariably declined to accompany him more than three or four miles from their village. Stanley had hoped to secure all the carriers he needed along the river, and the utter failure of this part of his scheme delayed for nearly two years explorations that he had expected to accomplish in a few months.

Not a few critics of African enterprises have asserted that the native African cannot be made to work except under the overseer's lash, and that all efforts to civilize him are destined to failure. A very remarkable and conclusive answer is afforded by the wonderful development of the carrier service between the Lower Congo and Stanley Pool. All the carriers in the transport service of the government, merchants, and missionaries of the Congo State are now natives who live along the river, and these same natives, who refused to lend a helping hand to Stanley ten years ago, carried last year over 4,000,000 pounds of merchandise, stores, and machinery along the 235 miles of Congo cataracts. In other words, they transported 66,500 loads, or an average weight of a little over sixty pounds. The transport service, which four years after Stanley began his work amounted to only 1,200 loads, increased to 12,000 loads in 1885, and to 60,000 loads in 1887.

What has wrought this transformation in the tribes along the Congo, a few years ago unwilling to carry a pound of the white man's luggage, and to-day the eager competitors for all of the freight traffic he has for them? The answer is very simple. The natives have learned to prize so highly the cotton cloths, cutlery, flint-locks, and knick-knacks the white man brings to them that they will work in order to obtain them.

It was a happy day when Stanley was at last able to induce a few of the Cabindas to shoulder his packages. As time went on the natives observed that the Cabindas were becoming prosperous, possessing many articles of value which they coveted. It was not long before a few here and there began to volunteer for the carrier service, and after awhile every one of them had possessions that greatly enhanced his importance. Thus the growing desire for wealth developed, and two years ago there was a rush for employment in the carrier service. The needs of the State, however, and the sudden development of commercial enterprises on the Upper Congo have more than kept pace with the supply of carriers. The transport service, which has developed into a large and well-organized business, is still inadequate to the demand, and no carrier presents himself for employment who is not soon started on the road as a member of a heavy-laden caravan.

In view of Stanley's early difficulties no one would have thought that thousands of Africans would so soon have been eagerly and regularly contributing to planting and nourishing the seeds of progress along the banks of the great river. The friends of the new State can certainly derive hope for the future from this remarkable development of transportation upon the Congo.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE population of St. Paul is stated at 193,247, a gain of 81,815 since the census of 1875.

THE average annual death-rate in this country from cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and scarlet fever, all combined, does not reach the enormous total of deaths from consumption.

ALL the money needed to build and equip the Congo Railroad has been subscribed. The amount raised is \$5,000,000. The subscribers include some of the leading banking-houses and capitalists in Belgium, France, Germany, England, and the United States.

A BILL proposing a new judiciary system is before the New Hampshire Legislature. It provides for the abolition of the present Supreme Court, and establishes two new courts—a Supreme Judicial Court, with a Chief and two Associate Justices, for the determination of questions of law, and a Superior Court, with a Chief and four Associate Justices, for the trial of questions of fact. The Chief Justices' salaries are fixed at \$3,200 each, and the Associate Justices' at \$3,000.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Government has totally suppressed the Lutheran Church in Russia.

ACCORDING to the city directory, Buffalo now has a population of 266,588.

SEALING and whaling vessels in Greenland waters are meeting with unusual success this season.

A DELEGATION of fourteen students from the English, Irish, and Scotch universities are visiting Chautauqua.

It is said that the Canadian Government will grant the extradition of Burke for the alleged murder of Dr. Cronin.

SIX THOUSAND people, the strikers of the Clay County, Ind., coal-fields, and their families, are dependent upon charity for food.

THE city of Seattle, Wash. Ter., recently partly destroyed by a conflagration, is being rebuilt as fast as money and men can perform the work.

GOVERNOR FITZ-HUGH LEE of Virginia will accept the superintendency of the Lexington (Va.) Military Institute on the expiration of his executive term in January next.

THE French Legislature has finally passed the Panama Canal Relief Bill. It has also passed a bill providing that no one shall be allowed to contest more than one seat at the same time.

THE new steel cruiser *Baltimore* has just made a satisfactory builders' test of both speed and sea-maneuvring. The engines averaged nineteen knots on a development of 8,700 horse-power.

A CLAIM for pension recently filed in the Pension Bureau by John Quincy Adams, on account of services with the United States colored troops, is witnessed by Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson.

DURING the last fiscal year a total of 847,221,248 pieces of mail matter were handled by the New York post-office. The aggregate business of the money-order department footed up \$86,622,927.

THERE is another invasion of Egypt, the invading force consisting of 6,000 men and 800 camels. In recent encounters, a large number of dervishes, placed by one report at 2,500, have been killed, and 250 made prisoners.

THE party of the Right in the French Chamber of Deputies has brought impeachment proceedings against M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, on a charge of corruption and dishonesty while serving as Governor of Indo-China.

ADHERENTS of Mr. Parnell almost unanimously incline to the belief that an inspection of the books of the Loyal Patriotic Union would afford proof that the late witness Pigott either wrote or fully inspired the "Parnellism and Crime" papers.

It is said that, with the sanction of Mr. Parnell, the Irish party will immediately form a Tenants' Defense League for protection against the landlord syndicate. Conventions will be summoned throughout Ireland. The movement will be worked on the lines which Mr. William O'Brien has laid down.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN and Charley Johnson were arrested in Nashville, Tenn., on their way East, at the request of the Governor of Mississippi, Sullivan being taken only after violent resistance. They were afterward released on *habeas corpus* proceedings, on the ground that prize-fighting is not an extraditable offense, and finally made their way homeward without further interference from officers of the law.

NEWS from the Marshall Islands shows that the Germans there are carrying on the same game they played in Samoa, and the result promises soon to be an explosion, as there was in Apia. In fact, the injustice complained of by American and English traders in Apia is trifling compared with what other merchants have had to suffer from German greed and intolerance at Jaluit, the chief port of the Marshall Islands.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER has fixed the Western Union rate of telegraphic service for the Government at one mill a word. It has heretofore been one cent per word for dispatches of twenty words, and one cent for each additional word, with ten per cent. added for service for distances over each 1,000 miles. The company is amazed at the Postmaster-general's audacity; but if the law gives him the right to fix any rate he may choose, it is difficult to see how his decision can be evaded.

GENERAL MAHONE has recently had a "big talk" with the leading men of his wing of the Republican party in Virginia, in which he urged the importance of organization, declared that he was not a candidate for Governor, affirmed that his only ambition was to "see the nightmare of Bourbon Democracy lifted from Virginia," and asserted in the most positive way that the Democrats "maintained their power through frauds in the back counties." It is obvious that Mahone is determined not to abandon the field in which his influence has become practically dominant.

A NATIONAL Convention of Christian Endeavor societies, just held in Philadelphia, was attended by over 6,000 delegates, all of whom reported great progress in the work of the organization during the last year. Among the visitors to the convention was Postmaster-general Wanamaker, and President Harrison sent a message of congratulation, to which the following reply was telegraphed: "The United Societies of Christian Endeavor, in eighth annual convention assembled, from 6,000 to 8,000 strong, gratefully express their thanks to President Harrison for his interest and sympathy. We crave for our Christian President God's utmost blessing."

THE Earl of Dunraven has written a letter in which he expresses a desire to sail the cutter *Valkyrie* against the fastest American yacht for stakes. He says: "If the New York Yacht Club find themselves unable to offer the *America's* cup as a prize, I shall be ready on my part to sail against whatever yacht would have been selected to defend it, either for a prize of equal value or for nothing at all." In another letter he says frankly that he cannot afford to race for a large sum, but he would be glad that the sum raced for, if any, should be sufficient to enable the victor to buy something commemorative of the event. The *Valkyrie* has already sailed for New York.



PENNSYLVANIA.—REV. DR. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF,
JEWISH RABBI.
PHOTO BY THOMSON.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 414.]

THE EELING INDUSTRY.

OUR picture on this page illustrates the eeling industry as carried on at Peconic Bay, off Long Island. It shows an eel farm and a fisherman "setting his pots"—that is, filling them with bait, a small fish being used for this purpose. The pots, being "set," are let down into the water, and in the morning are taken up, one by one, and the "catch" removed. The method by which the eels are taken is also shown in the illustration. The industry is an important one in the waters of Long Island.

THE FRESH AIR CHARITY IN CHICAGO.

WE give herewith an illustration of the new Lakeside Sanitarium in Lincoln Park, Chicago, which promises to become one of the most popular, as it certainly will be one of the most useful, charities of the Western metropolis. The sanitarium is the outgrowth of the Fresh Air Fund work inaugurated and successfully carried on for two years by the *Daily News* newspaper, which pays all the cost of executive management.

the labor of organization, etc., leaving the gross receipts by subscription or contribution to go direct for the actual expense of the beneficiaries. The total receipts of the *News* fund last year reached \$3,468, and over 6,000 children received the benefit of fresh air "outings." The sanitarium, now permanently located in Lincoln Park, has a frontage on the lake, and is in every respect adapted for the occupancy of children and infants needing healthful surroundings. Hundreds, if not thousands, of lives will be benefited, if not actually saved, by the beneficent work.

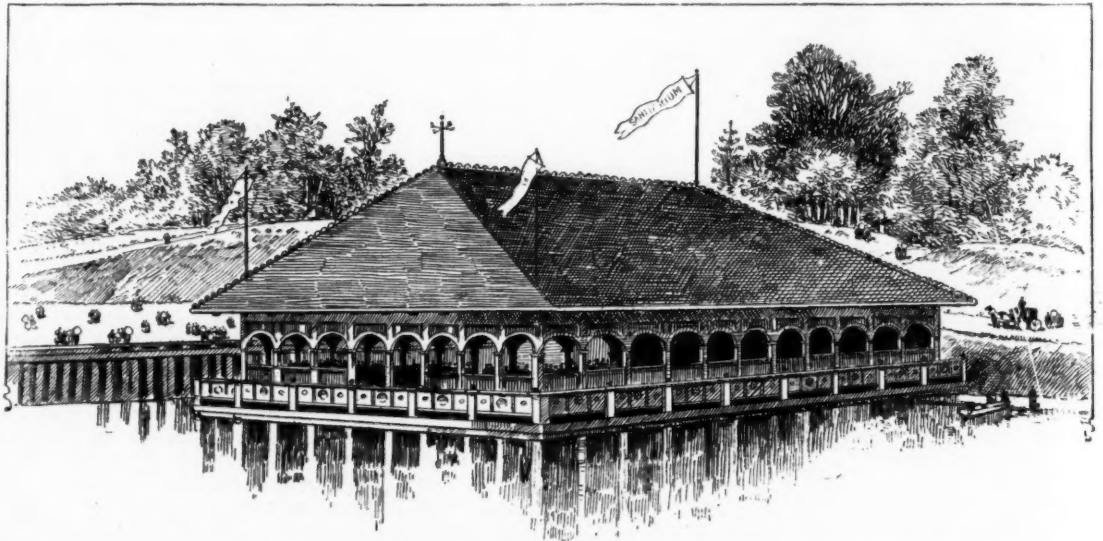
THE CASTE PREJUDICE IN INDIA.

THIS caste prejudice enters into everything in India. It forces the foreigners to keep a dozen servants to do the work of the household, and it is almost impossible for a family to get along with less than thirteen servants. A Bombay correspondent writes: "I met, last week, an English preacher who had an income of \$1,500 a year, and he told me it was absolutely impossible for him to live in India without thirteen servants. Said he: 'They are paid but low wages, yet there are so many of them that the sum-total is large. You have to keep a man for everything you want done, and he will do nothing else than that one thing. The man who washes the dishes will not make up the beds, and the cook will not attend to the washing of the dishes. If you keep horses you must have a groom for every horse, and for every two horses you have to keep a man to cut grass for them. The woman servant who waits upon your wife

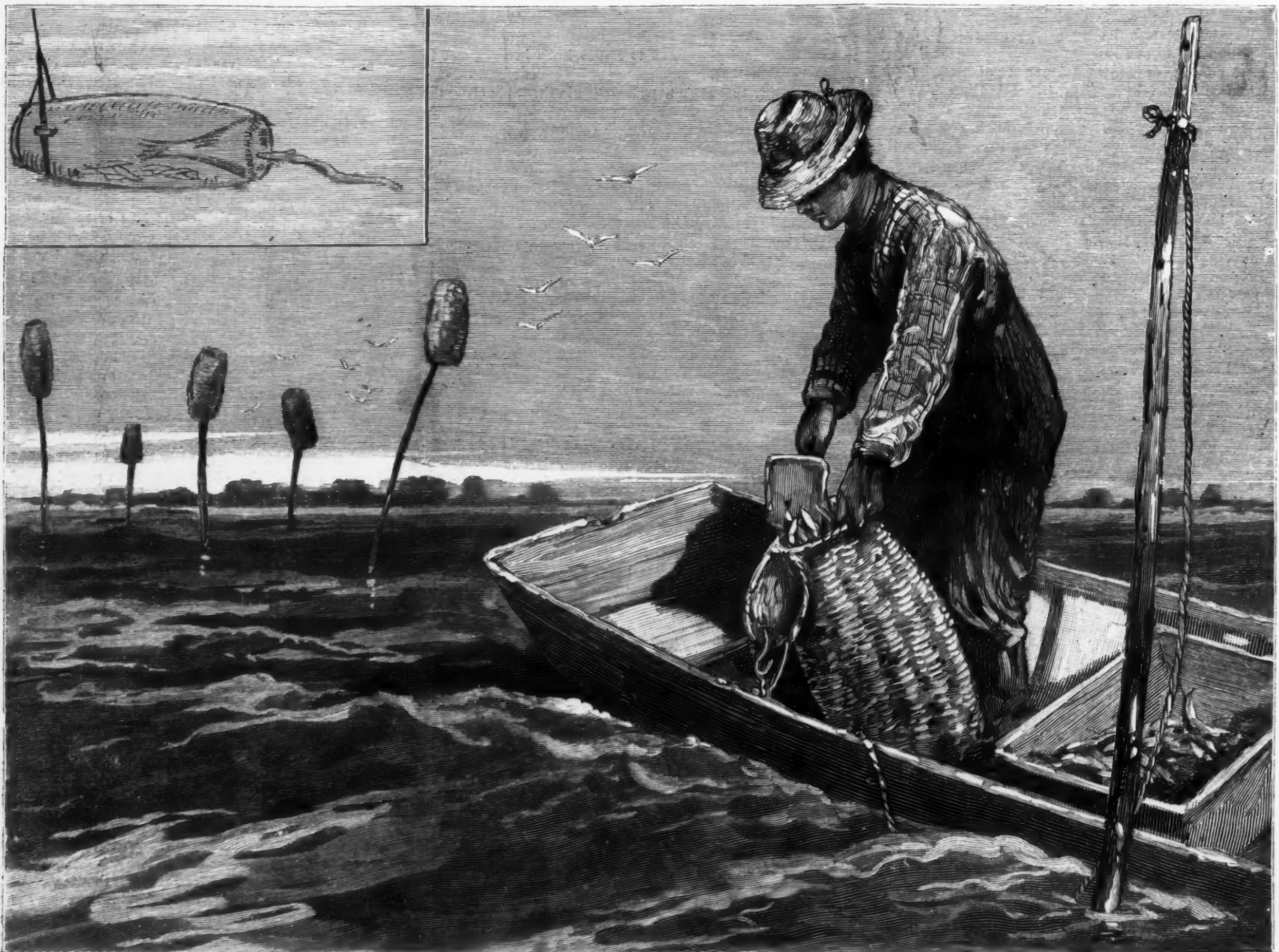
does not consider it her business to wait upon you, and the servants who do the other work about the house expect you to have a body-servant to run your own errands. If you ask a man to do anything out of his regular business, he says it is contrary to his caste and you then know that you have to submit. There are hundreds of castes in India. They are based on religious differences, on trade arrangements, and on social distinctions. There is a caste of barbers, of beggars, of thieves, and of water-carriers. There are the Brahmins, the Sudras, the cow-skinners, the corpse-bearers, and dozens of others, divided and subdivided until only the Hindoo can tell you their numbers and differences.'"

A FINE PLAYGROUND.

A THIRTY-ACRE playground for children has just been opened in Boston. The *Herald* of that city says: "This tract of land lies in front of the magnificent 'Overlook and Shelter,' and at the junction of School and Seaver Streets. The Overlook is a broad, concreted, elevated platform, several hundred feet long, constructed upon a ledge, and faced with bowlders removed from the section now known as the Playstead. The face of the embankment is rugged and picturesque. It is covered with creeping vines, bushes, and turf, the top representing the appearance of a parapet. The Shelter is a structure 150 feet long and 75 feet deep, two-thirds of which is concreted, with spacious openings, from which the entire Playstead can be viewed. It is the finest playground ever set apart for children in this country."



ILLINOIS.—THE LAKESIDE SANITARIUM FOR INFANTS, IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.
SKETCH BY WILL E. CHAPIN.



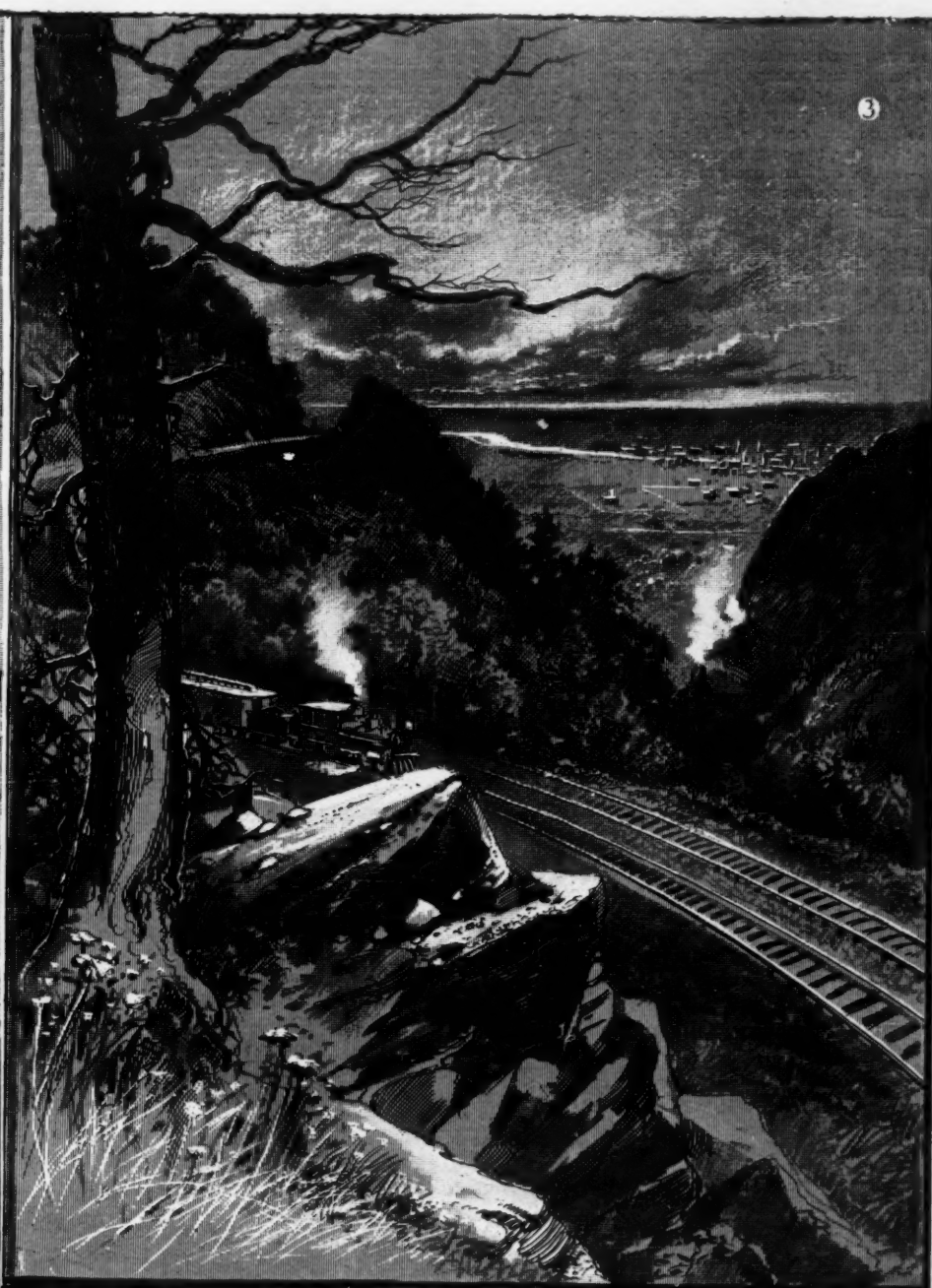
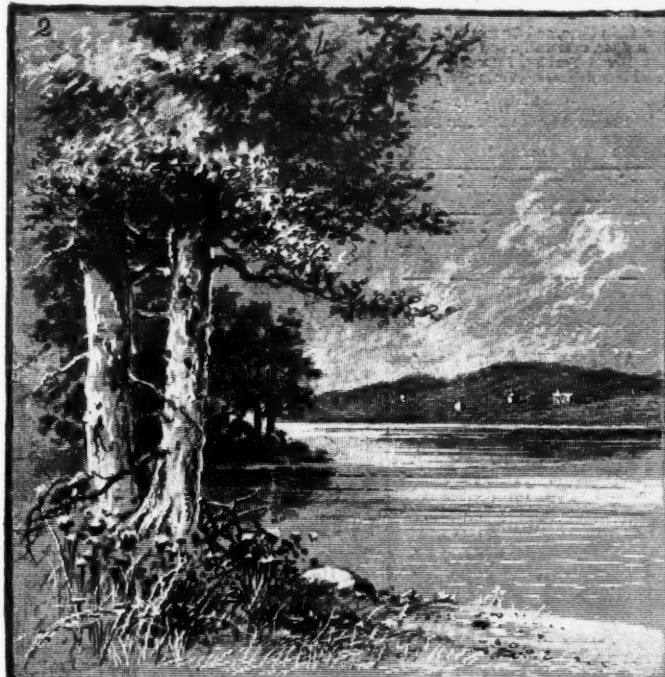
NEW YORK.—THE EEL INDUSTRY ON PECONIC BAY—"SETTING THE POTS."—DRAWN BY JOSEPH BECKER.

"THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA."

THE heated term was on us, and sweltering humanity demanded relief; and having often heard of the wonders of the Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys, we determined to go thither and see their beauties and marvels. Leaving New York by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, we passed over the valleys and hills of New Jersey, crossed the Delaware at Phillipsburg and Easton, passed by the Bethlehem iron-works, and soon reached Bethlehem, where we had a moment to get out and look about. Here are the magnificent general offices of this picturesque route. The old Moravian town presents many points of interest, and the

streets only, and they are best defined by an inverted "T" (J). The bar, which has become the base-line—Susquehanna Street—runs almost parallel with the river, while the inverted stem—Broadway—winds into and up the gulch. Gardens and lawns slope from the rear of dwellings upward so acutely that the summer-houses, often in the rear of the lots, are at a higher elevation than the roofs of the three-storied houses. A remarkably fine church edifice—St. Mark's Episcopal—stands out in bold relief from all the approaches by rail, and forms, in its quaint and chaste architecture, a prominent feature of the picturesque city. The interior finish of this church is said to be equal, if not superior, to any in this country. Palatial man-

hotel, and then get into a coach to visit "The Flag-staff," to reach which there is a long winding road around the mountain-side, but almost directly above the hotel. The next day we decide to visit Glen Onoko, named after an Indian chief of the Lenni-Lennappé. This beautiful spot is the resort of tourists from East and West. It is full of nature's most beautiful manifestations, and to do justice to its loveliness would require alone many pages of description, while even the pen of Thoreau himself could not portray its unsurpassed loveliness. It must be seen to be appreciated. We had been in many beautiful glens, but this was so unlike all others, so varied—grand and noble falls alternating with delightful rippling cascades lovely moss-covered



1. GLEN SUMMIT HOTEL. 2. HARVEY'S LAKE. 3. VALLEY OF THE WYOMING. 4. ONOKO FALLS.

"THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA."—PICTURESQUE SCENERY AND POINTS OF INTEREST ON THE LINE OF THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

famous Lehigh University, built by the munificence of Judge Asa Packer, is situated here. The Moravian Female Seminary, over a century old, and Bishopsthorpe, under the control of the Episcopal Church, are both well-known educational institutions.

But the time is too short for a careful inspection, and on goes the train, passing by industrial works of every kind. At Lehigh Gap we saw the old relay-house of Revolutionary days, on the opposite side of the river. Next we pass the great Packerton coal-yards, and soon we come to that most romantic and beautiful place, known by its uncouth name, Mauch Chunk. This is a picturesque and delightful little city, with pleasant homes indicating luxury and refinement, culture and wealth. Mauch Chunk proper is not "laid out." Nature gave it place for two

sions appear on the small plateau in the immediate rear of the court-house. Higher still is another plateau, known as Upper Mauch Chunk, which is a good-sized town, regularly laid out, containing several churches. This plateau is the base of Mount Pisgah, up whose steep sides runs the famous Switchback Railroad, a ride over which is one of the sensations by no means to be omitted by the tourist. The summit of Mount Pisgah is 900 feet above the river, and Mount Jefferson is about 500 feet still higher. The nine miles of riding on cars with no visible motive power gives one a feeling of mysteriousness. From the summit of the mountain the views in all directions are magnificent.

Back again at Mauch Chunk, we take an early dinner at the

grottoes, marvelous combinations—that we were led to exclaim, "All hail, Onoko! queen of glens."

It having been decided to go on to Glen Summit that evening, we returned to Mauch Chunk, and went thence by train to our destination. A night at Glen Summit cannot easily be forgotten, so full is it of enjoyment. The people of the Lehigh Valley justly take great pride in this summer resort. Standing on the apex of the great divide, from whose summit the waters flow westward into the Susquehanna and eastward into the Lehigh, it is an establishment on which no expense has been spared, being thoroughly equipped with all such modern conveniences as electric lights, elevators, and the like. The cuisine, management, and service are all that the most fastidious could desire. Many of

the wealthy citizens of Wilkes-Barre have their cottages here, and a lovely mountain stream ripples past some of these and dashes into a glen near the hotel. The lake covers seven acres, and is well supplied with fish. The air of this mountain home is very pure—malaria, insomnia, pulmonary and kidney affections are unknown. But one of the chief charms of Glen Summit is its proximity to that veritable garden of cottages—Bear Creek. No words can do justice to this charming spot. Planned, projected, and evolved from the enterprise and munificence of Mr. Albert Lewis, it has become, within a few years, a marvel of the valley, with an easy blending of natural and artistic effects. To get there we take a trolley-coach from Glen Summit, which makes the trip twice a day, and have a delightful ride over a perfect road of red shale, through perfect scenery, and perhaps in perfect weather. To spend the day there, to wander or ride through the alluring avenues of sequestered shade, to have a row on the lake or a turn at tennis or bowling, to go swimming or fishing or driving—and for each and every recreation there is the happiest provision made—to do any or all of these things at Bear Creek, with a delicious luncheon for refreshment, is to spend as pleasant a day as one could well imagine. Returning to Glen Summit we take another route, as there is one for going and one for coming, and we never cease to extol the beauty and smoothness of the roads the whole way. For bicycling nothing could be better; in fact, it would be the element of anything that goes on wheels.

The guests at Glen Summit have inaugurated a series of outings to the many points of interest. The one to Harvey's Lake is especially delightful. Fine scenic effects are seen all along the route. Wyoming is indeed one of nature's wonders. Through the valley, stretched out for miles, the course of the Susquehanna could be traced by the glistening sheen of its limpid waters. The proverbial mist was not wanting, which added much to the beauty of this enchanting vale.

Down the mountain, past coal-breakers and mining debris, we passed to Wilkes-Barre, a city around which clings many reminiscences of the past; then onward, passing Pittston, another lively industrial centre, to a junction where we were switched off to the Harvey's Lake branch to the Lackawanna River; then past the monument marking the site of the memorable massacre of Wyoming, until we reached an ascending grade, entering a narrow defile, and climbed the hill-side for miles through pine-forests, until we came out at the summit, where there were numerous clearings, surrounded by fences composed of tree-stumps. Soon we arrive at Harvey's Lake. Just in the rear of the station, at this point, is a large forest of magnificent beech and stately pine, into and through which most excellent roadways lead to exquisite picnic-grounds, fitted up with unique bark pavilions and such delightful rocks, ferns, lichen, and mosses. Mr. Albert Lewis, of Bear Creek, is here again the moving spirit. His immense new steam saw-mill, with a capacity of 40,000 feet of lumber daily, is a sight worth seeing, and his beautiful cottage, called "The Cabin," built of logs, is a beauty of nature and art—all is a veritable wonder. Great ice-houses stand on the shore of the lake—which is said to be the highest body of water east of the Rockies. Fishing here is well rewarded, and elegant facilities are offered for camping out.

In closing this descriptive article of sights and scenes in the Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys, we desire to say a word to the traveling public in reference to the railroad dining-rooms at Glen Summit, under the management of Mr. T. B. Seely, formerly of the Santa Fé Railroad and the Harvey system of railroad eating-houses. The menu and service is simply surprising, the charges are astonishingly low, and this dining-station is coming to be regarded as one of the most noted points of interest on the entire line. On leaving Glen Summit we took a "through train" to the western terminus of the Lehigh Valley Road, passing Cayuga Lake, Seneca Lake, Watkins Glen—all points of marvelous beauty—and at last reaching Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Having done the length of this picturesque road, our curiosity was finally satisfied, and we desired nothing more than to get back to Glen Summit. And so back we went. Though our trip was one of continual surprises and delights, we actually begrudged the time that was passed away from this unrivaled resort.

IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT FLOOD.

THE great flood of May 31st, in Pennsylvania, followed the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad for fifteen miles. The scene of its greatest destruction is between South Fork and Johnstown, and the terrible extent of the devastation can well be seen from the windows of a passing train. The New York and Chicago Limited, leaving New York at 9 A.M., the Western Express at 6:30 P.M., and the Pacific Express at 8 P.M., pass through this region by daylight, and afford a complete view of the ravages of the waters.

A PROXY.

IN our more exacting moods, when anything is presented for personal investigation, we seem to expect our neighbors to try it first, and are willing to trust to the effect the trial has upon them. Gaining experience by proxy—this is safe and selfish, but it often answers.

Since you demand a proxy, observe, please, the subjoined testimony of a neighbor in regard to Drs. Starkey & Palen's treatment by inhalation.

"NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 23, 1889.

"I hardly dare tell you how wonderfully I have been blessed this fall and winter, thus far, and how much I have been enabled to perform through God's blessing, attending the use of Compound Oxygen. I surprise myself almost every day in the amount of labor I perform, in comparison to last summer; it seems almost a miracle to me. I have exceeded all my hopes of one year ago. I remain your grateful patient.

"MRS. LYDIA B. CHACE."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia;

all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 130 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ROLLING AROUND THE WORLD.

It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half-century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which, in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round, and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles, have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep BEECHAM'S PILLS, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

HOW TO TAKE A SEA-BATH AT HOME.

THERE is nothing healthier or more enjoyable than a sea-bath, and I am sorry that the wild waves do not play against my door-sill. Still, if they did, it would be hard on the inmates of the three flats under mine.

I, however, do the next best thing to taking a sea-bath, and that is, I use Ditman's sea-salt in my bathtub every morning, and must say it is an excellent and most satisfactory substitute.

It is as beneficial as sea-bathing, for it is really the same thing, but of course not as enjoyable, for no matter how you splash you cannot make great waves or breakers in a six-foot tub. I am a rather good fish, but I cannot lash a bit of fury into a tub of water. I have a friend, however, who insists that she can hear the roar of the mighty deep when she uses this salt.

This sea-salt is an elegant thing for invalids, children, and those who live in inland towns. It is really better for young children and debilitated persons than the buffeting waves. It is the genuine sea-salt, obtained by evaporating the sea-water. It takes just four gallons of water to make one pound of salt, and so you can buy Ditman's sea-salt, and, by adding the water, have your sea-bath at home, and at any temperature you like.

I intend to use it all next winter. It is very reasonable—almost nominal—in price, and can be had of all druggists. I believe, although I got mine from the manufacturer, A. J. Ditman, Broadway, corner of Barclay Street, this city. If you live out of New York, and your druggist has not got this sea-salt, write to Ditman, and he will forward it to you.

Use Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

One dozen bottles, \$30. Two dozen bottles, \$53.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BOKER'S BITTERS
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r & Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL.

BEECHAM'S

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



The Great English Medicine. Generally affirmed to be "Worth a Guinea a Box," But Sold by all Druggists at 25 CENTS.

For Sick Headache, Constipation,

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,

Disordered Liver.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO.,

Sole Agents for the United States, 365 & 367 Canal Street, New York.

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention FRANK LESLIE'S.



INFANTILE
Skin & Scalp
DISEASES
Cured by
CUTICURA
Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

INSURANCE.

Protection for the People.

THE NEW YORK
ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.

96 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CLINTON B. FISK,

PRESIDENT.

Ample Reserve. Claims Paid Promptly.

GOOD TERMS TO GOOD AGENTS.

Address **CHARLES T. HOPPER, Secy.**

THE

EQUITABLE

Life Assurance

Society

issues a new policy

which,

like a bank draft,

is a simple

PROMISE TO PAY.

JULIEN ELECTRIC TRACTION CO.,

Now operating ELECTRIC CARS on Fourth and Madison Avenue lines, offers a limited amount of its Treasury Stock at Fifty (50) Dollars per share (par \$100). Apply at

COMPANY'S OFFICE, 120 Broadway, New York.

SAVE THE CHILDREN!

(BUFFALO) LITHIA WATER



NATURE'S MATERIA MEDICA

Buffalo Lithia Water Will Do It.

Its Value in the Preparation of Artificial Food for Infants.

Hunter McGuire, M.D., LL.D., late Professor of Surgery, Virginia Medical College; Vice-President International Medical Congress, etc., etc.:

"For some time I have been using BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in the preparation of ARTIFICIAL FOOD FOR INFANTS. Cow's milk is the substitute usually resorted to when the mother is not able to suckle her child and it is impossible to get a wet-nurse. One serious objection, along with many others, to cow's milk is its acidity. Human milk is always alkaline, but cow's milk, except when the animal is fed entirely upon grass, is almost always acid. This is the principal reason why the milk of cows disagrees with many babies, and lime-water is often added to this milk to correct the acidity. I believe the long-continued use of lime-water is hurtful to digestion, and last summer, when I was feeding two of my own children on cow's milk, and found the nurse adding lime-water to prevent colic and intestinal derangement, which the food otherwise produced, I directed her to use No. 2 Buffalo Lithia Water in preparing the food, with immediate and continued good. The Lithia Water was added until the milk lost its acidity and was neutral or alkaline. I have used the Water in this way in many cases in my practice, and find it exceedingly valuable."

Water in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, \$5 at the Springs.

THOMAS F. COODE, Proprietor,

Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

WHERE INSURED?
In Boston, at the office of Hub Gore Makers, the largest manufacturers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on



the inside of the Elastic is the Insurance Seal Stamp.

How Insured?
By this Legal Document which accompanies the shoes.

INSURANCE CERTIFICATE.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Islands, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense. HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.

Signed, *Albert Herbert*
Chas. Page, Treas.

WHAT Insured?—The Elastic Gore.

AGAINST Shrinking, Fading, Bagging, Losing Shape, Getting Loose, Wearing Out. SUCH SHOES Look Better, Fit Better, Feel Better, Last Longer.

WHERE Sold? EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore if you insist. They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy imitations on which they make extra profit. Look out for such "dodges." Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic.

We furnish Hub Gore to over 1,000 makers of good shoes and insure the shoes. 100,000 dealers sell them. If your dealer won't supply you, write us for list of dealers in your locality.

Copyright, 1889, by Hub Gore Makers, Boston, Mass.

Darlington,
Runk & Co.

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OF

GENERAL DRY GOODS

EVERY REQUISITE FOR
A LADY'S OUTFIT.

Orders from all parts of the country receive prompt attention. Samples sent on application.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

Sick Headache

It is a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

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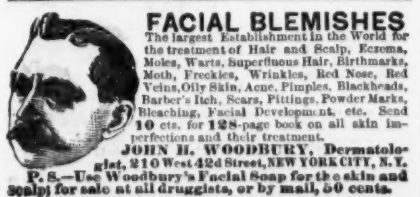
In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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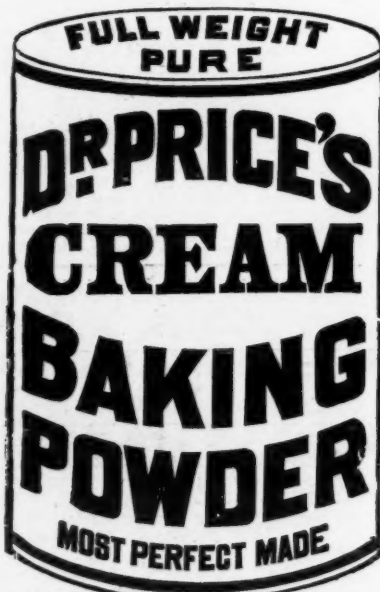


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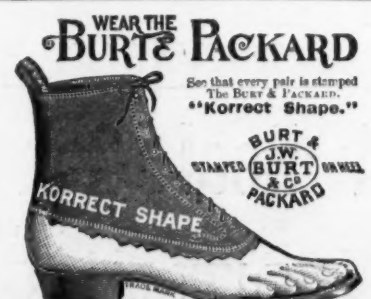
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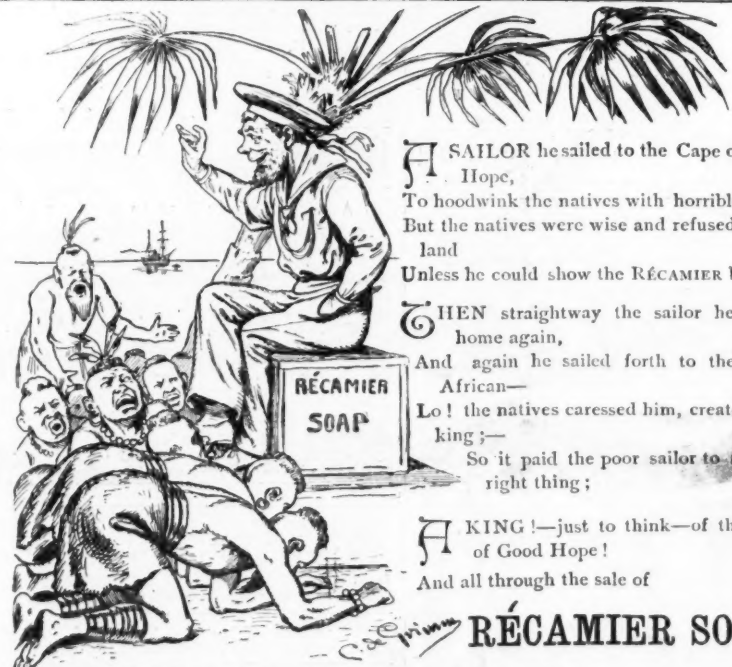
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